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PRICE 15 CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 202.)

EILEEN OGE;

OR,

DARK'S THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

AN IRISH DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS.

By EDMUND FALCONER,

*Author of "Extremes," "Peep o' Day," "Innisfallen," "Onagh,"
etc., etc.*

As first performed at the Princess's Theatre, London, under
the management of Messrs. Webster and Chatter-
ton, on Thursday, June 29, 1871.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters
—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on
the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

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ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,

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 The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Acts. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. male; F. female.

No.	M.	F.	No.	M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act.....	3	3	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts.	7	3	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
93. Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	3	2	13. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts. .	6	5
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	200. Estranged, an operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act..	3	3	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts, 9	9	7
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1 act	3	1	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act. .	6	2	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts.....	11	4
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4
179. Breach of Promise., drama, 2 acts..	5	2	53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act. .	4	2
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1 act	4	8	73. Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3	11	4
24. Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act.	2	2	30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce, 1 act.....	5	3
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.....	4	1	28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts..	10	5	151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	2
55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts.....	12	5	8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3
80. Charming pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	180. Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5	38	5
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3	9	3	60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act. .	3	2	157. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1
707. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1	190. Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
152. Cupid's Eve-Glass, comedy, 1 act.....	1	1	191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	4	2
52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1	197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14	2
148. Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1	18. If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
113. Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts.....	10	4	116. I'm Not Meself at All, original Irish stew, 1 act.....	3	1
199. Captain of the Watch (The), comedietta, 1 act.....	4	2	129. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3
20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4	159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act....	4	2
4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act.....	4	2	122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4
22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3	177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1
96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act, .	4	3	100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2
16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts.....	6	5	139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts... 3	3	3
58. Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts.....	7	6	17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts....	6	4
125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5
71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3	72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4			

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AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MESSRS. WEBSTER AND CHATTERTON, ON THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1871.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.



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1876

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Princess's Theatre, Grand Opera House, N.
London, June 29, 1871. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.*

Patrick O'Donnell (Comedy Lead).....	Mr. J. G. SHORE.	Mr. GEO. CLARKE.
Mr. Moriarty.....	Mr. JORDAN.	Mr. T. J. HIND.
Bryan O'Farrell (Low Comedy Lead)....	Mr. FALCONER.	Mr. W. J. FLORENCE.
Henry Loftus (Heavy).....	Mr. G. JORDAN.	Mr. E. THORNE.
Rev. Mr. Mohoney (Old Man).....	Mr. BARRETT.	Mr. J. F. HAGAN.
Maclean (2d Old Man).....	Mr. H. CLIFFORD.	Mr. C. W. BARRY.
John Thomas (Low Comedy).....	Mr. C. SEYTON.	Mr. C. W. FISKE.
Peter McCann (Vocalist, 2d Low Comedy)	Mr. R. ROMER.	Mr. GEO. JOHNSON.
Tim the Penman (Eccentric Comedy)...	Mr. CULLEN.	Mr. WADDLETON.
Mr. Creagh (Utility).....	Mr. MEADE.	Mr. C. BURKE.
Mr. Nolan (Utility).....	Mr. TAPPING.	Mr. BARKLEY.

Farmers, Peasants, Haymakers, Bailiffs, Constables, Police Officers, etc.

Eileen Moriarty (Lead).....Miss ROSE LECLERQ. Miss ROSE EVANS.

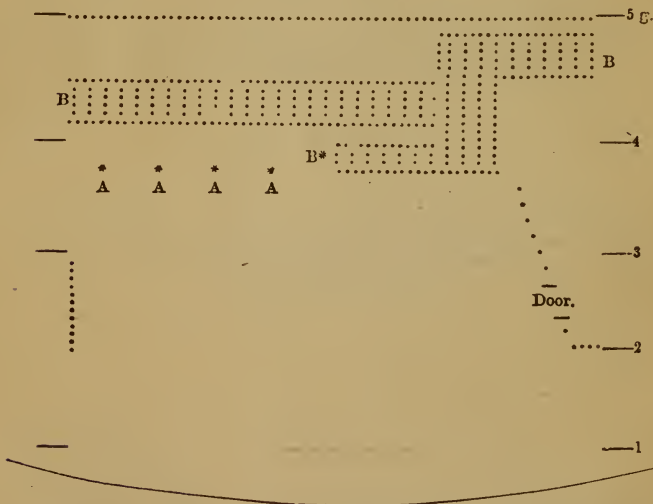
Norah O'Donnell (Comedy or Juvenile)..Miss EDITH STUART. Miss IONE BURKE.

Bridget Maguire (Chambermaid).....Miss HUDSPETH.

Peasant Girls, Bridesmaids, Guests, etc.

SCENERY (*Irish, County Limerick*)

ACT I.—Scene I.—Exterior of Farmhouse and Landscape, in 5th grooves.



On flat, view of mountains and heath; in middle distance, R., ruins of Black Abbey and Holy Cross Hill. R. 2 E. set, ruined archway; the wings, R., ruined wall in profile, covered with moss and creepers. L. 2 and 3 E., exterior of two-storied cottage, window above, and door, practicable; flowers and creepers. A, A, A, A, rocks and bank of grass. B, B, B, set path masked by plants and grass-grown stones; it leads on from L. and R. U. E.'s to the stage at B*. L. 1st groove wing, foliage. Sky sinks and tree borders. Sunlight effect, R. U. E. A clothes-line L. 3 E., with petticoats drying.

Scene II.—Office Interior, in 1st grooves. Painted, D. C., book-shelves and writing table, land maps.

Scene III.—Same as *Scene I., Act I.*

ACT II.—Interior of Sitting-room in a well-to-do farmer's house, in 3d grooves. Plain wall red wainscotted for four feet up from the floor; a few framed prints. D. R. and L. Table L. C., sofa R. C.; chairs. C. in F., sliding trap and transparency to show a dream: a set rock and ocean view, with bright sunlight from R., in 3d entrance.

Scene II.—Landscape in 1st grooves, or on canvas to roll up; range of sugar-loaf hills, from front, R. to L. in the distance, with the wall extending to the stage level. Sunlight from L.

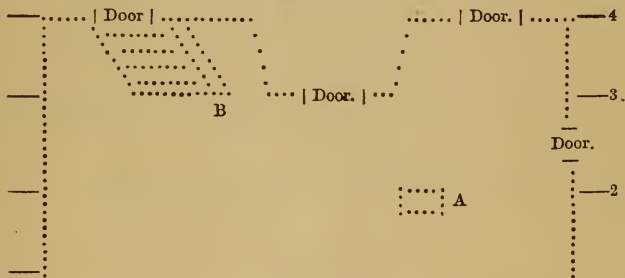
Scene III.—Landscape and hayfield, in 5th grooves, platform at back, masked by grassbank and rocks.

ACT III.—*Scene I.*—Same as *Scene I., Act II.*

Scene II.—Same as *Scene II., Act II.*

Scene III.—Interior of an old Water-mill, in 5th grooves.

.....—5 g.



On flat, wild landscape. Moonlight R. U. E. The doorways are all open except L. D., which has a practicable door. Closed in. The R. D. F. is supposed to open on a platform above a precipice; and a trap is there open. A crane without R. D. F. holds a strong rope or chain. B, is a low platform, with a rude railing, with a flat top-rail. The C. D. F. gives a view of fallen-in beams, rafters, etc. The flat has crevices and hanging-boards, through which the moonlight enters irregularly. The L. D. F. is ruinous. Both sides dark. Trap, A, to lift up on hinges.

ACT IV.—*Scene I.*—Same as *Scene I., Act I.*

Scene II.—Interior of handsome apartment, in 1st grooves. A carved marble mantel C. in F., painted.

Scene III.—Same as *Scene I., Act I.*, the lights fully on.

COSTUMES (*Irish, present day.*)

O'DONNELL.—*Act I.*—*Scene I.*: Plain, neat black suit. *Scene III.*: Wedding suit.

Act III.—*Scene II.*: Disguised, plain dress of a foreign cut. *Act IV.*—*Scene III.*: Precisely the same in all respects as in *Scene III., Act I.*

O'FARRELL.—Irish peasant, homespun, gray mixed coat, red waistcoat, black neckercher, gray canco shirt, gray stockings, greased brogues, fustian breeches, hat.

- LOFTUS.—*Act I.*: Walking-dress, light overcoat. *Act II.—Scene II.*: Black coat, white pants, riding whip. *Act III.—Scene I.*: Black hat, military red coat and white pants. *Act IV.*: Wedding-dress, flower at coat buttonhole.
- MORIARTY.—*Acts I. and IV.*: Blue coat, buff or white waistcoat, watch and heavy chain, cane. *Other Acts*: Plain dress.
- REV. MR. MAHONEY.—Catholic priest. Black, broad felt hat, eye-glass, as usual; cane.
- MACLEAN.—Black coat, gray pants; severe dress; side-whiskers; speaks North of Ireland Scotch.
- JOHN THOMAS.—Livery. Speaks like a cockney.
- TIM THE PENMAN.—Rusty black suit, very tight, dirty white stockings, shoes trodden down at the heel, pants too short for him, long tails to his coat, battered hat; cunning expression, and evidences of being an inebriate.
- PETER McCANN.—Peasant; made up stout.
- MACSHANE.—Rusty black suit, short staff, tipped with a gilt crown.
- CREAGH AND TALBOT.—Gentlemanly walking-dresses.
- NOLAN AND O'BEIRNE, well-to-do farmers' sons.
- POLICE.—Uniform, carbines.
- PEASANTS.—As usual. They work in their shirtsleeves, *Scene III., Act II.*
- LOFTUS'S SERVANT.—Peasant dress, with bunches of ribbon.
- EILEEN MORIARTY.—*Act I.—Scene I.*: Neat dress. *Scene III.*: Wedding dress. *Act II.*: House-dress. *Act III.*: Same as last, or change. *Act IV.—Scene I.*: Same as last. *Scene III.*: Wedding-dress.
- NORAH O'DONNELL.—*Act I.*—Bridesmaid's dress, white over blue skirt, flowers in her hair. *Acts II. and III.*: Plain peasant's dress, white over red petticoat, straw hat or no hat. *Act IV.*: Same as *Scene III., Act I.*
- BRIDGET MAGUIRE.—Peasant girl's dress.
- PEASANT GIRLS.—As usual.
- MRS. MORIARTY.—Neat old-fashioned silk dress, bonnet with feather.

PROPERTIES.


ACT I.—Scene I.—Broom. *Scene II.*—Papers, letter. *Scene III.*—Carbines, not to fire, for POLICE. *Act II.—Scene I.*—Papers and books on table. *Scene II.*—Riding-whip. *Scene III.*—Hay-rakes, and forks; hay; Irish bag-pipes; keg of liquor; tin cups; sticks for PEASANTS; warrant. *Act III.—Scene III.*—A pistol, to fire. *Act IV.*—warrant.

TIME OF PLAYING—THREE HOURS.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First Second or Third Groove.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
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 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

(Copy of Original Bill.)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS,

For Programmes, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE HAWTHORNS, MR. MORIARTY'S FARM.

With a View of Black Abbey Church and Holy Cross Hill,

Somewhere in the County Limerick, nigh the Banks of the Shannon. Time—A May Morning.

Bridget and her Rival Adorers—The Shoneen and the Paddy—The approaching Marriage—The Mystery—What's the meaning—A true Lover yet a woe-begone Bridegroom—The Priest and his Pupil—Explanations—The Mystery Cleared—Eileen's Love put to the Test—The Issue.

SCENE II.—MACLEAN, THE MIDDLEMAN'S OFFICE.

The Young Squire—O'Donnell's Rival—The Plot—"Break off the marriage; rid me of him at any price!"—The Threatening Letter—Terry Alt—Martial Law; how used and abused.

SCENE III.—THE HAWTHORNS, as before.

Wedding Bells—The Bridegroom comes with his Friend and Followers—A primitive way of taking the Bride to Church—A Flash of Lightning—The sky o'ercast—Unexpected Climax.

"Oh! wild as the accents of lover's farewell
Are the hearts which they tear and the tales that they tell."

A LAPSE OF FIVE YEARS SUPPOSED TO OCCUR.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE PARLOR IN MR. MORIARTY'S HOUSE.

The Priest and the Farmer—Confidence—Trouble—An easy way out of it—If Eileen would only forget Patrick—The Priest's counsel sought—His advice—The Notice of Distrain—Eileen in commune with her heart—Patrick! where is he?—The Revealment.

SCENE II.—A ROADSIDE.

Loftus and Maclean—A Plot to drive Eileen into the Toils—Tim the Penman—An Insolent Medicant—What Whiskey will bring a man to—Poor Miss Norah O'Donnell on her way to seek work—The Wolf and the Lamb—The Good Shepherd—The Church Militant.

SCENE III.—THE HAYFIELD.

Boys and Girls at Work and at Play—Mighty dhry, but full of sympathy for the neophyte, Norah—Bridget and Bryan—A Battle of Brains—Oh, isn't it fun to make love in the hay—Buttermilk and Whiskey—Thady the Piper—The Bags in full blast—It isn't a Jig, but it's a gallows good dance—The Haymaker's Run—The Bailiffs and the Police—An attempt at Distrain for Rent—Bayonets and Pitchforks—Shillalehs! and Batons—A pretty dacent sort of a Fight—A Skrimmage—A Ruction and Riot.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE PARLOR AT MR. MORIARTY'S.

The ruse successful—Poor Eileen in the Toils—Oh! Patrick, forgive me, my heart is s'ill thine, only thine.

SCENE II.—A ROADSIDE.

Bridget in her glory, making a Fool of the Shoneen—A Safe Promise—Paddy's Wit and Johnny's Self-conceit—THE RETURN OF THE EXILE—"There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin, the dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill"—A joyful Meeting—The Squire and the Middleman—Suspensions and alarm—The Letter to Norah—Mysterious Appointment—The suggested Murder—The Plot Laid—Rid me of him at any price.

SCENE III.—INTERIOR OF THE HAUNTED WATER MILL

Norah in Search of Patrick—Obliged to seek Concealment—Maclean and MacShane—Murder on the Watch—The Victim comes, but Accompanied!—Retire and wait—Two ways Out—A Descent by the Crane—A Dive in the Mill Race—Bryan gone, Patrick alone—The Attempt to Arrest—Sensation upon Sensation—The Meditated Murder—An Apparition—Norah Helpless in the Mesh—

INTENSE EXCITEMENT AND AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—THE HAWTHORNS, as before.

A May Morning—Bridget and the Shoneen—The Wreath of Orange Blossoms—An Approaching Marriage—A Mourning Bride—Eileen in Despair—Her only solace now the thought that

DARK'S THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

SCENE II.—LOFTUS HALL.

The Forecast of Retribution—The Proclamation—Loftus pressed to play the part of Bridegroom—Maclean on the Wing—The Slip 'Twixt Cup and Lip.

Scene III.—THE HAWTHORNS.

Wedding Bells—The Bridegroom Comes—Delay—An Unexpected Guest—Surprised, and, it is to be hoped, Satisfactory Denouement.

[For Synopsis see pages 43 and 44.]

EILEEN OGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Hawthorn's Farm and View of Black Abbey Ruins, in 5th grooves, by early sunrise. Music, piano.*

Enter BRIDGET MAGUIRE from house, L. She sweeps L. side with a broom.

Enter JOHN THOMAS, L. U. E. He comes down steps to the stage, and down c.

JOHN (*speaking like a cockney*). Ho! Miss Mag-wire, I 'ope I sees you well.

BRIDGET (*sharply*). If you can't thrust yer oi-soight, ye had betther put on specticles! (*sweeping so that JOHN has to move about to avoid the dust.*)

JOHN (*sneezing and coughing*). Ahem! spectacles! No! I 'ave no h'inclination to h'advertise myself as an h'old man when I've no need to wear 'em. My h'unaided wision is h'amply sufficient. Yes, you look all right.

BRIDG. Sure, ye wouldn't have me luk all wrong, w'u'd ye?

JOHN. Decidedly not. But is Miss Eileen up? for I am sent by Mr. Loftus Junior, Mr. 'Enry Loftus of the 'All, with his compliments to her, and to say that if she is in the humor for a drive, he will call for her to g ve her an airing.

BRIDG. Indade? Sure, I'll not trouble meself to put Miss Eileen out o' timper on this day of days for any wan, and much less Mr. Loftus. Ye can tell him that she'll be betther engaged in a most interesting conversation wid her husband.

JOHN (*astonished*). 'Er 'usband! Why, she's not married.

BRIDG. She's not, not yit, but she will be, coming elivin o'clock.

JOHN. My master will be h'astonished! And who is to be the 'appy man?

BRIDG. A betther man than ever stepped in your master's shoes. Mr. Patrick O'Donnell and no less.

JOHN. I 'ope you haven't the same h'objections for the merits of your humble servant. (*bows*)

BRIDG. Troth, I've not.

JOHN. I'm delighted to 'ear it.

BRIDG. For I niver saw any merits in ye at all at all! (*goes up sweeping.*)

JOHN. Oh, 'ow can you remain h'insensible to the h'earnestness of my feelings. Ho, Miss Maguire! I adore you!

BRIDG. (*laughs*). Ha, ha, ha!

JOHN. I can't 'elp it. I must tell you of the state of my h'affections. I 'ope to have the fleerce-a-city to lead you to the 'igh-mental h'altar.

BRIDG. Kape the rope to hang yersilf, for ye'll niver h'alter me.

JOHN. I 'ad 'oped to become your 'usband, when my master should have got married to Miss Eileen.

BRIDG. Faith, I might have given you that promise, and not be afraid that you'd ever be the bett'her for it. And now the chance is smaller than ever, if it ever were a chance at all.

JOHN. Well, if you won't deliver my messages I'll enter the cottage, and ask for myself. (*goes L. when BRIDGET knocks his hat off with her broom.*)

BRIDG. Is it inter before the family is up! Oh, no, you don't, Mister Impidence! (*flourishes broom and makes JOHN retire, R.*) not as long as Bridget Maguire can handle a broom. I've a great mind to dust yer jacket.

JOHN (*picks up his hat*). Oh, Miss Maguire, be content with the wounds you have h'inflicted on my heart, and don't compel me to bring an action for assault h'against the h'object of my regard! If I 'ave h'offended you (*spreads his handkerchief c., and kneels*) see! I h'apologize on my knees.

BRIDG. What ye got on'y sarved ye roight. (*L. c.*)

JOHN. I could remain 'ere forhever on my knees, if I thought it would soften your 'eart!

BRIDG. I'm afeard that instid of softening your heart, it is more loike to harden the caps of yer knees.

JOHN. Do you doubt me?

BRIDG. Well, try it for a quarter of an hour. Sure y'ere looking that foolish alriddy that I could pity ye.

JOHN. Pity! pity is akin to love, they say. She is beginning to relent.

Music, a rattling Irish air, such as "Paddy Carey," "Paddy is the Boy," etc., to be always played for the entrances and exits of BRYAN O'FARRELL. Enter, L. U. E., BRYAN O'FARRELL. He stands up c., looking forward for a moment, and then comes down c. to JOHN.

BRYAN. Hilli-oh! (*JOHN turns and sees him*) Here's a frontispiece. Is it making the last confession an' daying spache of the first man condemned for the murder of the Quane's English? Is it rehearsing ye are? Sure, ye can't be bett'her employed than in making a dacint iud to your life.

JOHN (*rising*). He's always h'interrupting—cuss him.

BRYAN. Is it a blessing in English ye're wishing me. Sure, ye sh'u'd ax for one for yersilf—I don't know any one that wants it more.

JOHN. The low-bred Irish boor! (*loftily going up c.*) You'll please take my message to Miss Eileen, for I 'ate to breathe the same h'atmosphere as some h'obnoxious h'insects. (*up c.*)

BRIDG. Won't ye lave us a lock o' yer hair?

JOHN. If you really wish one. (*BRIDGET nods*) I'll send it by post.

BRIDG. Thank you.

JOHN. Now I'll take myself h'off.

BRYAN. Well, ye needn't make a boast of it. It's not much you'll be taking anybody.

JOHN (*aside*). A low h'ignorant h'Irishman! (*on platform up c.*) Adoo, Miss Mag-wire! No, it's not adoo.

BRIDG. No? (*up L. c.*)

JOHN. No! its o-river! (*goes L. U. E.*) O-river! (*lifts his hat and exit L. U. E.*)

BRIDG. The poor lad! Sure becase I rejected him, he's going to the river to drown himself.

BRYAN. Not him! He hasn't the pluck to do it. Though it would be an act of charity to the rist of his fellow cratures to be rid of him anyway.

BRIDG. He looked most melancholy!

BRYAN. Nonsense! he was on'y joking. But what was the Shoneen doin' down on his knees—did ye knock him down with a body blow?

BRIDG. He was goin' in before the family was up, whether I w'u'd or no.

BRYAN. The baste! So you bring him down wid a clip?

BRIDG. No, he kneeled to ax me pardon (*puts broom L.*)

BRYAN. Oh! the darlint that ye were to make him do that. (*he and BRIDGET come front, he on her right*) No doubt ye had a good raisin.

BRIDG. I have a good raisin for everything I do.

BRYAN. Divil a doubt! There's a good raisin for this. (*kisses her.*)

BRIDG. Well, I like yer impudence! (*BRYAN tries to kiss her again.*)

BRYAN. I know you do! That's a good raisin for another!

BRIDG. Stop! Miss Eileen may be loking. (*points to upper window of house L. 3 E. set.*)

BRYAN. She sh'u'd make an allowance on a morning like this. If it's true then, what I heerd. Is it? (*BRIDGET nods*) It is? (*becomes sad and speaks in a sorrowful tone*) Poor Patrick O'Donnell! after keeping company so long, she has jilted him at last. And she's goin' to be married to some one else this day. (*BRIDGET expresses surprise*) Well, wimin au' pigs bates the wurruld!

BRIDG. Where have ye been that ye have not attinded chapel for the last three months?

BRYAN. Sure I have been in chapel—but not in this parish. I have been about the country, making hay. What would I have seen if I had been here?

BRIDG. The banns—put up for the union of Miss Eileen wid her own one true sweetheart, Patrick O'Donnell.

BRYAN (*in delight*). Is it true what ye say? Then what is the manin' of it, at all, at all?

BRIDG. Of what? I don't know.

BRYAN. Last night whin I come home, of coorse the first friend I wint to was Patrick, by raisin' of our fostering together. There was no one in but the old borreen, his mother, and the girl—his sister——

BRIDG. Oh, Miss Norah is staying here with Miss Eileen.

BRYAN. Thin I wint out an' foun'd him in the haggart, lookin' as pale as a handful of bleached straw or death—wid two letthers before him, one open, and the other shut, as if he hadn't the courage to open the second after being stricken so hard wid the first. Divil a word did he say, save a sigh; an' whin I axed him what was wrong, the tears would come and burst out between his fingers—an' he tuk me hand and pressed it hard, burst out a-weepin', and wint away intil the house. I follow-ed, but the girl tould me he was with his mother, who was doing her best to comfort him. So I come away, a-wondering what was the manin' of it all.

BRIDG. That I can't tell, unless he were playin' a game.

BRYAN. No, it was no game. 'Sh! he is comin' this way. (*music, sad, piano.*)

BRIDG. (*looking up and off R. U. E.*) How sad and down-hearted he does look—he's never comin' to the wedding in that dress.

Music, same, a little louder. Enter PATRICK O'DONNELL, R. U. E., slowly and sadly. He comes down E. C.

O'DONNELL. Good morning to you, Bryan—and you, Bridget.

BRIDG. The same to you,—and many of them—but it is not like to be anything but a good day to you, an' a better morrow.

O'DON. No doubt. (*aside*) Heaven forgive me for that lie! (*aloud*) Mr. Moriarty—is he stirring so early?

BRIDG. No, sir. Seeing as there will be a dance on the flure to-night, he is making a long lie of it this morning. Of coorse, (*slyly*) you wouldn't see *the other* yet? (L. c.)

O'DON. Not yet. I am going to the chapel to see Father Mahoney—Don't let him go out without seeing me. It is important. (c.)

BRYAN (R. c.). What's the matter, Patrick?

O'DON. Nothing, nothing, my good Bryan.

BRYAN (*aside*). I never saw a man on whom nothing had such an effect. It's seldom it troubles *me* that way.

O'DON. (*gives parcel to BRIDGET*). Give that to her—it is—for Eileen.

BRIDG. And shan't I say it comes wid yer love?

O'DON. Do! (*animatedly, but sadly*) With my best undying love—the love of all my heart. (*music, "Love's Young dream," piano.*)

BRYAN. He don't look in the laste like a happy lover.

EILEEN *opens window in upper story of house and leans out. O'DONNELL goes to her and kisses her hand. He sighs and exits, R. U. E., sadly.*

EILEEN *blows a kiss after him and returns, closing window. Close music.*

Well, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows that Banagher bangs the divil! What's the meaning of it, though?

BRIDG. Oh, it's on'y he's bothered wid love.

BRYAN. No, it's more than that! Didn't ye hear him tell me that he was going to the praste?

BRIDG. To return thanks beforehand for the blissin' he is about to receive.

BRYAN. Well, there are two opinions about whether a wife is a blissin' or not.

BRIDG. Faith, if ye have doubts, ye are likely long to continue wid him, for no one will iver take the trouble to undecieve ye, an' that's one comfort, for ye are loike to live and die a bachelor.

BRYAN. Sooner than be so hard upon you, I'd make a sacrifice of myself an' marry you.

BRIDG. Before I'd do that, I'd live to be as ould as Methusalem, and thin die a maid.

BRYAN. So ye might—for it's not much of a husband ye'd get if ye lived to be so ow-owld!

BRIDG. Sure ye know what I mane?

BRYAN. That I do; you'd marry an omadhawn like me! What is that? (*trying to kiss her.*)

MORIARTY *enters from house.*

MORIARTY. Bridget, whose voice did I hear just now?

BRIDG. (*aside to BRYAN*). Oh what long ears he has got!

BRYAN (*aside to BRIDGET*). It's hoping he's not overheard what I was saying jist now.

MORI. There was some one here, I know.

BRIDG. It was Mr O'Donnell come to see you.

MORI. Patrick—so early. What can that be for? I knew I heard some one, but I was dressing and could not come down.

BRIDG. You'll know very soon, sir, for yonder he comes and Father Mahoney with him.

MORI. What does it mean ?

BRYAN (*aside*). That's what I'm dying to know ! Here, Bridget, lets get out of the way !
[*Exit with BRIDGET, R. 3. E.*]

*Enter, R. U. E., FATHER MAHONEY and O'DONNELL. They come down front.**

M. RI. (*saluting*). Good morning, Father Mahoney, and my service to your reverence.

MAHONEY. Good morning.

MORI. Good morning, Patrick *ma local*—what brings you here so early ?

O'DONNELL. Good morning, sir, and health and all happiness to you and all inside your doors. Whatever is said, know in the first place, that I wished all good to you and yours. (*makes a sign for MAHONEY to speak*)

MAHO. Ahem ! Mr. Moriarty, when you agreed to give your daughter to this decent boy, this good young man—for he is a good young man—you believed that he was thriving and well to do, and might reasonably expect a renewal of his lease, because he had never been behindhand in his rent—and so could keep his wife in a comfortable state.

MORI. And was I deceived ?

Enter BRYAN and BRIDGET, R 3 E., where they stand listening.

MAHO. No ! when he said what he did, he had no reason to be afraid of the future. There was nothing to belie his hopes until yesterday afternoon, when he was told that he must not expect a new lease on its expiration, which will occur in a few days. (*BRIDGET and BRYAN express grief and surprise*) All that was bright with him is clouded now.

BRYAN. Poor fellow ! no wonder his heart was in his mouth !

O'DON. Thank you, father. If it had not been for you, I must surely have broken down.

BRYAN (*aside*). And this was to be his wedding morning !

MAHO. Although the banns have been published in course and your consent duly obtained, so that even your withdrawal now would not delay the marriage, nevertheless, like the honest fellow he is, he spent the night in prayers for strength to do his duty—a good young man, my pupil, I am proud to say—and has now come to leave it to you, to break off the match, or, let it proceed, as I hope you will out of respect for his honest good faith.

BRYAN (*to BRIDGET aside*). Sure he can't do less !

MAHO. Don't think that I advised him. He did it all of himself. He was going alone to speak to you, but in the fear that he might break down, he asked me to go with him—I who have been his teacher in Christian duty—to see him do what was right.

O'DON. With love for Eileen, my heart is heavy, Mr. Moriarty, but affection even such as ours should hardly sway your judgment. You will do what is just, sir—but you do not speak, Mr. Moriarty !

MAHO. But you will speak, and kindly, too, I make no doubt.

MORI. Patrick, I feel for you—but there are others to be consulted—I must see my daughter before I answer. Wait a few minutes till I have conferred with her. I shall not detain you long. [*Exit into house, L.*]

O'DON. In those few minutes, I shall know my fate.

BRIDG. (*to BRYAN*). Sure, it's all right as long as he laves it to Miss Eileen.

O'DONNELL.

R. C.

MAHONEY.

C.

MORIARTY.

L. C.

BRYAN (*to BRIDGET*). I don't know about that; women are always such fickle creatures

MAHO (*to O'DONNELL*). You know well what his daughter will urge. At the worst, you will only have to begin life again. You are a young man, and it will not be long before you are settled on another farm.

O'DON. That may be a long time, father, and hope deferred maketh the heart sick. But I shall not complain if he does not let his daughter marry with a ruined man, than which I am little better. Besides I have a mother and a sister to provide for, and it may be a long dark time before I find a new home.

MAHO. Have more faith in the illimitable goodness of Heaven—whose sunshine falls even on the worst of human beings—and whose beneficent wisdom seldom suffers the honest man to dwell long in misery.

BRYAN (*comes down*). Speak out boldly, Patrick *ma boca!*—I ax yer pardon, yer rivirince. (*takes off his hat*) Until ye find a new farm, come an' make yersilf wilcome at my cabin; we'll find room for your mother and siste, and you shall stay there as long as there's a cake to break or a handful of straw, or a pratie to put in the kettle—while I'll be lookin' up bits of haymakin' in the country.

O'DON. (*shakes BRYAN's hand*). Thanks, Bryan; my mother and sister will thank you, and accept your offer as freely as it is made.

*Music. Enter EILEEN and MORIARTY, from house, L.**

O'DON. Eileen!

MORI. Speak, Patrick.

EILEEN. Thy blessing, father. (*kneels to MAHONEY.*)

MAHO. May Heaven bless thee, my child!

EIL. (*rises*). What is wrong, father?

MORI. (*points to O'DONNELL*). That honest fellow will tell you. Mr. O'Donnell, tell her all—I give you free permission.

O'DON. Eileen, I come to you with grief—for all that I hoped to present to you in making you my wife is swept away.

EILEEN. I should love you all the same though we were without a shilling in the world. (*embraces O'DONNELL*. BRYAN *embraces BRIDGET, R. side, up*) If we had been married when the bad news came, should I love you less? What do I care for the world—it is only for you, and it is my plain duty to make your path pleasant with comfort and devotion. Let the reverend father speak.

MAHO. Mr. Moriarty, I see you feel for these poor young creatures, and will not have the heart to separate them whom Heaven has united.

MORI. Right! I have thought they were destined for each other all along. (*shakes O'DONNELL's hand*) I only tried you, Patrick, for I always meant you to have Eileen. The dower which I shall give her will be a bonus to get the lease for a new farm. Until then, make my house your home. Now go and dress yourself, and come with your best man, your family and following. Eileen will be ready to be conducted to the church. (*All form picture. EILEEN and O'DONNELL embrace. MAHONEY congratulates MORIARTY. BRYAN dances joyfully.*)

BRYAN. BRIDGET. O'DONNELL. EILEEN. MAHONEY. MORIARTY.
R. C. L.

Music, lively. Scene closes in.

* MAHONEY.
O'DONNELL.
R C.

BRYAN. BRIDGET.
EILEEN. MORIARTY.
C. L. C. L.

SCENE II.—*Roadside, with trees, in 1st grooves. Music, a few bars of an English military march (always played to LOFTUS's entrances and exits.)*

Enter, L., MR. MACLEAN and MR. HENRY LOFTUS.

LOFTUS. You must first tell me why you have not kept your promise to prevent the marriage with that peasant. The first thing I learn on my return is that O'Donnell is to wed Eileen Moriarty.

MACLEAN (*speaking with strong Scotch accent*). Indeed, I said so, and I've tried to keep ma word.

LOFT. Yet the marriage is to take place this day.

MAC. It was so announced, but I doo't that it will happen.

LOFT. I tell you that one of my servants went over to Moriarty's to deliver a message, and was told that it would take place at eleven o'clock.

MAC. Eleven! That's short notice, but I will keep ma word. O'Donnell received his notice to quit, coupled with a threat of eviction, last night, and I couldna ha' thought that he would be in a humor to marry this morning. But if it's certain, I know what I must do.

LOFT. Maclean, you have made a mistake, as the cautious Scot is sure to do when dealing with the impetuous Irishman.

MAC. Weel, a-weel, I ha' ma precautions taken. (*calls off R.*) Tim! come here, Tim!

Voice of TIM THE PENMAN (off R.). Yis, sor!

Enter TIM THE PENMAN, R.; he hops like a gigantic magpie, with his long coat-tails flapping, etc.

MAC. Bring me the letters.

TIM. Here they are, sor. (*gives letters to MACLEAN.*)

MAC. (*gives letters to LOFTUS*). Examine this and then look at the other, and say if the hand-writing is familiar.*

LOFT. They are both by the same pen.

TIM (*chuckles and rubs his hands, hopping up in delight. Aside*). Ah! Tim, it's the iligant piunan ye are! but the devil's own child!

[*Hops off, R*

MAC. No; that's from Patrick O'Donnell, written to your uncle, begging him to forego his intention to refuse a new lease, in consideration of the hardship, the improvements and expenditures incurred in the expectation of a renewal.

LOFT. And this other? (*gives both to MACLEAN.*)

MAC. (*watching LOFTUS as he speaks*). This is a threatening letter apparently by the same hand, to the same party, which—but you had better read it.

LOFT. (*reads letter*). "Lionel Loftus, Esquire, you have dared to threaten injustice to a deserving tenant, after having before made yourself prominent in the same exploits. You have given notice to quit to Patrick O'Donnell and threaten to tak^e his house over his head. Know, then, that if you touch a straw in his thatch, or a sod of his turf, the measure of your crime will be full to overflowing, and you shall sup sorrow. Take warning that you will be shot from behind hill or from hollow, and your brains scattered to the four winds as a red vengeance to O'Donnell. From your judge and executioner. Signed, Terry Alt." Did O'Donnell write this?

MAC. (*t.k's letter, emphatically*). An affidavit will be filed, saying that

* TIM.
R.

MACLEAN.
C.

LOFTUS.
L. C.

it is apparently in his hand. I doo't not that it will go hard with him. It will be transportation, if he is convicted.

LOFT. The very thing.

MAC. Aye, any way to get rid of a rival. Is it to be done?

LOFT. If it will come to pass as you assert. Otherwise it would be pure y wanton and cruel.

MAC. It canna' fail! To avoid any suspicion of collusion, you should go before, and delay the ceremony by making a civil speech.

LOFT. That would be a difficult matter.

MAC. A body mun' look one thing while he is saying another, if he would get rich in this world—all the more when it is to crush an enemy, which a rival always is.

[Exit, R. LOFTUS exits L.]

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I.*

Discover BRYAN and BRIDGET, coming down, c.

BRYAN. Well, there's no denying it; Mr. Moriarty has behaved handsomely to Patrick and Miss Eileen. But why has Mr. Loftus been so eager to get rid of a good tenant like O'Donnell—why should he give him notice to quit?

BRIDG. Oh, it's some neighbor.

BRYAN. No; no neighbor would try to take his house over his head. Sure, he'd know that the boys would make it too warm for him.

BRIDG. But Patrick wouldn't let any harm come to them for that.

BRYAN. Arrah, ain't that the very raisin the boys would do it for him—because he wouldn't do it himself.

BRIDG. You talk as if you were one of them.

BRYAN. Is it me? I'm only a poor innocent crature. Is it me sit meself up in opposition to the police? Sure I on'y pick up the little I know when I go about the country.

BRIDG. Moind that ye don't know too much, or you may get into trouble wid yer knowledge.

BRYAN. True for ye! Yis, it's wan thing to be cute an' another to have a dale o' knowledge. Oh, there must be some mane spout at the bottom of it all. I can't belave it's Mr. Loftus's doin's at all—but the notice come from the Scotch middleman, Maclean—the curse of Crummle on him an' all his tribe!

BRIDG. Thin he should apply to the landlord.

BRYAN. No! it w'u'd be no use—he wouldn't disown his agent! It w'u'd be better to try the young master.

BRIDG. Mr. Henry? oh, no use—that would be worse than the other. Don't you know that he was making love to Miss Eileen.

BRYAN. An' O'Donnell cut him out. True for you its a troublesome business. No man ever forgives the boy that puts his nose out of joint wid a pretty girl.

BRIDG. It may have made him an enemy!

BRYAN. Very likely. I have had a dale of inimies meself since.

BRIDG. Since when?

BRYAN. Since it got to be known that you preferred me to any wan else? (*tries to kiss BRIDGET.*)

BRIDG. Be off wid ye!

BRYAN. Now, don't ye show yer timper—sure, we're not married yet. (*they go up L. side. Music, "Haste to the wedding," piano.*) Sure, here

comes the weddin' party, an' I haven't a favor! Troth, this will do as well. (*takes sprig of hawthorn blossom from set R. and puts it in his coat*)

BRIDG. I'll go in an' tell them to be ready!

[*Exit into house. Music, same, forte.*]

Enter, R. 3 E., O'DONNELL, MRS O'DONNELL, NOLAN, O'BEIRNE, and FARMERS and their WIVES and DAUGHTERS. They form line R., BRYAN shakes hands with NOLAN and O'BEIRNE, all look pleasant and chat merrily.

O'DONNELL (*brings M^{rs}. O'DONNELL a little forward, R.*). Mother, when house and home and everything is in jeopardy, it's a bad time to add to the mountus to be fed, yet I give you now another daughter.

MRS. O'D. I have long loved Eileen, and know her to be a good girl. I shall only be too proud and happy to clasp her to a mother's heart. (*music "Norah Creina."*)

BRYAN. Here's Miss Norah!

Enter NORAH from house, L.

NORAH (*embracing her mother*). Good mother and friends, we ask pardon for delaying you, but we shall keep you but a little while. Eileen is dressed, and looking so lovely. Now I'll go in and you can knock. (*goes L.*) Don't think that you have seen me yet.

[*Exit L., in house.*]

BRYAN (*quickly*). Arrah! who iver forgot the sight av an angel! (*all laugh. Music as before to LOFTUS' entrance.*)

Enter LOFTUS, L. U. E., he stands C. on platform looking down on the wedding party.

LOFTUS (*with affected highness of tone*). Ah! A goodly assembly! And wedding favors, too! Then report for once has not spoken falsely. (*comes down C.*) May I ask who is the happy mortal. (*O'DONNELL steps forward to R. C., line of 1st E.*)

BRYAN (*up L. C., line of 2d E., aside*). There, I niver thought it was so aisy to say one thing an' luk another.

O'D. I am proud to say I am the favored individual.

LOFT. Ah! In consideration of our former friendship, I must say that I think you might have invited me.

O'D. I might, but I did not think that you would care to come to the ceremony.

LOFT. Because I once thought to stand in the place you now occupy. Well I own that I envy you your good fortune, but I must say that you have fairly won the lady. I bear no malice, and wish you all the happiness I know you deserve. (*offers his hand.*)

O'D. Tha's manfully spoken! (*shakes LOFTUS' hand.*)

LOFT. So will you permit me to offer your bride elect t'is jeweled brooch? (*shows brooch*) it is an antique of value, long an heirloom in our family.

O'D. (*draws back his hand*). Your pardon. If Eileen will accept it, I shall offer no denial. (*music.*)

NORAH (*appears at window in house L.*). Patrick, we are all ready!

[*Exit.*]

NOLAN and O'BEIRNE go to house door. NOLAN knocks. Enter BRIDGET from house, remaining by the door.*

NOLAN. Is not this the house where lives Mr. Thaddeus Moriarty and his daughter, Miss Eileen Moriarty?

BRIDG. Of course he does, Mr. Nolan. and you know it very well. Oh! I forgot! that's a bit of the play! (*all laugh, but not loudly.*)

O'B. Are they at home?

BRIDG. Yis, to a dacent boy like you! (*all laugh*)

NOLAN. Will you please to tell him that Mr. Patrick O'Donnell has come with his best man, his family, friends and following, to escort his daughter to church, there to be united to him in the holy bonds of wedlock.

BRIDG. Oh! I can't say all that!

NOLAN (*smiling*). Am I to repeat it?

BRYAN. No, sir, you nacent! she has had it by heart since long ago. (*all laugh. Exit BRIDGET in'o house, L.*) It's a moighty iligant custom, and wan that ivery young woman sh'u'd know sooner or late! (*music.*)

Enter from house, L., MORIARTY, EILEEN, NORAH, BRIDGET, BRIDESMAIDS, etc.

O'DONNELL goes to EILEEN and whispers to her. LOFTUS goes to EILEEN
Cease music.*

EILEEN (*curtseys to LOFTUS*). Your pardon, but I cannot accept anything from any one, and much less from a stranger, on my way to the church. On my return I will ask my husband to permit the acceptance.

BRYAN (*aside*). Hurroo! that's the darling! If she had tuk it, it would have been a token of bitter bad luck!

O'D. So, sir, you must keep it. (*EILEEN takes his arm, Mrs. O'DONNELL that of MORIARTY, and the others similarly pairing off, all form procession and go up R. side. Music, forte.*)

Enter, L. U. E., on the platform, POLICE OFFICER, POLICE with carbines, and MACLEAN.

MACLEAN. Mr. Officer, there's your man! (*points to O'DONNELL. Roll of small drum, crescendo to forte, ending with beat of big drum. Cease music. The guests disperse a d group R. side. EILEEN, MORIARTY, and BRIDESMAIDS, L. s de. O'DONNELL and LOFTUS, R. C., BRYAN and BRIDGET, L*)

POLICE OFFICER. Is your name Patrick O'Donnell?

O'D. Yes, it is. I have never done anything to be ashamed to deny it!

BRYAN. Spoken like a man.

O'D. What is the meaning of this outrage?

OFFICER. You know well enough.

O'D. I know nothing.

OFFICER. It is my duty to arrest you. (*comes down a little, R. C.*)

ALL. Arrest!

GUESTS.	*GUESTS.	LOFTUS.	BRYAN.
	MRS. O'DONNELL.	NOLAN. O'BEIRNE.	BRIDGET.
	O'DONNELL.		
	R.	C.	L.
	* LOFTUS, EILEEN, O'DONNELL.		
	NOLAN, O'BEIRNE,	BRYAN, BRIDGET	
	MRS. O'DONNELL,	MORIARTY.	
	R.	R. O.	L. O. L.

BRIDESMAIDS.

OFFICER. Yes—this is not the place to explain what you doubtless well know already.

O'D. By what right do you come here to interrupt our gathering? I yield in respect to law to no man, but you must not presume on the color and cut of your coat to interfere with men who are ignorant of what offence they are charged.

BRYAN. That's right! Stick to it—we'll support you. (*the GUESTS prepare to defend O'DONNELL.*)

OFFICER (*retiring up R.*). Make ready! (*the POLICE ring their ramrods in their carbines to show that they are loaded*.)

LOFT. I pray you to waive the etiquette of your office, and in common justice let this gentleman know by whom and of what he is accused.

OFFICER. Very well, sir. He is charged with having sent a threatening letter to your uncle, and the charge is amply supported by sworn affidavits to confirm the grounds of the case.

O'D. I never wrote such a letter.

OFFICER. If you have not written it—so far well—but you will find that difficult to prove.

O'D. I did write a letter——

ALL. Ah!

O'D. But it was in respectful though earnest terms, and only asked for my claims for renewal of lease to be calmly considered.

OFFICER. This was not such a one, but breathing of fire and flame—it was a most blood thirsty epistle!

O'D. Then it never came from me—I swear that I thought no such words, nor have such come from under my pen!

MORI. Patrick, can you lay your hand upon your heart, and swear that?

O'D. I can, and do, as I look to Heaven for mercy!

OFFICER. I must do my duty.

MORI. You need not be so hasty. Give us time, and we will find substantial bail. Don't! for it will break the heart of his mother and sister, and of this poor girl, my daughter, who was about, this hour, to become his wife. (*NORAH comforts MRS. O'DONNELL, R. front.*)

EILEEN (*proudly*). Say, father, that I am his wife—in all that doth make a wife, though our union is not yet blessed by Heaven. Let my first act as a wife be to humble myself to implore you to have pity on me—No! I do not plead for myself, but for the sake of his mother, do not deal too harshly with us. See here, on my knees, I ask for mercy! (*kneels, but O'DONNELL lifts her up.*)

OFFICER. I regret that it is not in my power to relieve you. Sir, you must follow me!

BRYAN. No! (*he, NOLAN, O'BEIRNE and other GUESTS, prepare to throw themselves between the POLICE and O'DONNELL.*)

OFFICER. Present! (*the POLICE level their carbines, and POLICE OFFICER draws his cutlass.*)

O'D. Hold! (*he goes up, R. c.*) Let no blood be shed on my account. I am innocent, but I submit to the law! It is a hard trial, but I will endeavor to bear it. If the hand of hate or spite has set this engine of the law in motion to crush me—may it re-act on him—Heaven never gives the wicked a triumph that is not in the end more bitter than defeat.

NORAH. Oh, mother dear.

O'D. Do not grieve, my mother. Trust in Heaven, as I do, that my innocence will appear. It must appear. Meanwhile comfort the poor girl, who, in another hour, would have been my wife. Poor Eileen! Farewell! (*EILEEN clings to him up c.*) Should the malice of mine enemy triumph, and I be driven away from you—keep my memory warm in

your heart—for when I return, as I shall return—ah! take me away! you have broken her heart! (MORIARTY takes EILEEN fainting. The WOMEN weep. O'DONNELL gives himself to the POLICE. All form picture) Eileen! Eileen! (EILEEN revives, and would rush to O'DONNELL, but the POLICE are between.)

CURTAIN. *Music*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Room in Mr. MORIARTY'S house, in 3d grooves.

Discover, seated at table, MORIARTY and MAHONEY.

MAHONEY. Mr. Moriarty, I have noticed for some time that trouble seems to be creeping upon you. If I am not able to do anything to help you, I owe you my sympathy in any distress.

MORI. Thank you kindly, father—but it is on account of my daughter, Eileen, she is pining after her lover, Patrick O'Donnell, who was transported five years ago.

MAHO. Five years? Can it, indeed, be so long. Yes, yes! Poor boy!

MORI. She is in love with him still.

MAHO. And he with her, no doubt, for if he is alive he still loves her. But is he alive? After three years, according to his sentence, he was to be released, but on condition only that he should not return to his own country—that is, he is condemned to exile for life. I cannot blame those who, upon the circumstantial evidence, found him guilty, but I cannot believe but that he was as innocent as he asserted himself. But we ought to have had some word of him.

MORI. Yes, it is strange he has not written.

MAHO. But letters may miscarry, and indeed a man may be lost when bearing his own message home.

MORI. And things have gone wrong with me, Mr. Mahoney, for some time past, even within the last five years.

MAHO. How has that come about?

MORI. I had invested my little savings in the Ballyshannon Railway, which has come to a smash; and not only have I lost all my money, but as one of the original share-holders, whose names were used to procure others, I have been held answerable for the liabilities of the company. It is hard at my time of life to have all hope swept away of a provision for my daughter, and to have to think of beginning the world again at my age.

MAHO. I am sorry to hear this, Mr. Moriarty, but money is hardly needed as an inducement for your daughter's choice—she will yet be happy as the wife of some honest man.

MORI. Indeed, she has been sought for a long while by Mr. Henry Loftus, my landlord now since the death of his uncle. I would otherwise have hardly dared to look that way for a match for my daughter. Now, if you were to give her a word—

MAHO. I am afraid I ought not to exercise my influence on his behalf.

MORI. Indeed, in my present troubles the chances of her being thus provided for seems nothing less than providential.

MAHO. Ah, Mr. Moriarty, when a path is pleasant to us, we are apt to consider it that of duty and the one pointed out to us by Providence. But I will see her. (*rises.*)

MORI. Thanks. (*calls*) Bridget! (*rises, goes up L.*) Bridget! She is in the garden.

MAHO. Never mind calling her. I'll go out and see her, and speak to her in quite a casual way. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

MORI. (*to himself*). Not but what I think, when she looks at the matter fairly, that she will do what she can to save her old father from disgrace.

Enter BRIDGET, L. D.

How can she refuse to be happy with a handsome young man, when she will ride in her own carriage, and wear silks and satins each day. (*to BRIDGET, who comes down c.*) That's a prospect that any young woman would be tempted by—don't you think so?

BRIDGET. I don't know, sir, I niver wor timpted in that way mesilf! An' besides, I am no *cry-tartion* for Miss Eileen—sure, she's one in a thousand.

Enter BRYAN, L. D. He remains at back.

MORI. You have a sweetheart—suppose he should go away from you for five years and never write—in fact, suppose you never had any tidings of him—what would you do?

BRIDG. (*bashfully*). I don't know what I would do, sir.

BRYAN (*coming down*). Yes, she does, sir! but don't ask her to confess her wakeness.

BRIDG. (*to BRYAN*). Hould your tongue—you're not my father confessor.

BRYAN. I am not, or your pinancee wud be heavy.

BRIDG. I am not Mrs. Bryan O'Farrell!

BRYAN. No—nor won't be, but ye'll live next to him and his wife, and see what you've lost every day of your loif!

BRIDG. Ye're an impident divil!

BRYAN. Yis. (*to MORIARTY*) Av ye plase, sor, I wor thinking that it wor toime to atind to the in-gettin' of the hay.

MORI. Aye, if you can manage to get men enough.

BRYAN. Oh, I can get hands enough—sure all the hay-making is done in the light soils, and there's only that bit of stiff grass in the heavy bottoms. (*mysteriously*) I saw the middleman Maclean yesterday taking stock of the hay and admiring of it. It's to be hoped that ye have your rint ready, sir—or you may be getting notice to quit, like poor Patrick O'Donnell, five year ago—long life to him.

MORI. The hint is worth acting on. It's better not to give the enemy a chance. By all means get it in. (*R., thinking.*)

BRYAN. Bridget, you can come and give us a hand with the rake and hayfork—just to kape yer hand in aginst the bad times.

BRIDG. I will, if the master will let me. (*courtseys to MORIARTY.*)

MORI. I have no objections. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

BRIDG. Belike there'll be a bit of a dance or a run after the hay is in—and so, mind! don't let me catch you making Susie Malone your partner—

BRYAN. Is it me? with you to the fore? I have more regard for your iligant nails, and still more for my faytures—I don't wan't a gridiron to be made of my face! (*going to L. D.*) But you needn't to fear—I wouldn't dance wid Susie Malone if there wasn't another girl in the field.

BRIDG. Why not?

BRYAN. Because she has got a swivel eye, and always takes the wrong turn. [*Exit with BRIDGET, L. D., quickly. Music, sad, piano.*]

Enter EILEEN, thoughtfully, R.

EILEEN. Patrick, my darling, the time is long and weary, and you do not return. Ought I to give up my hopes that all will be set right, and your innocence be made manifest to man as I am sure it is in heaven. I can but doubt the evidence that was used against you on the trial, and yet sometimes I am afraid to reflect and weigh its truth. I have tried to forget you, for my father's sake, but my heart still treasures your memory, whether you live to know it or not.

Enter MAHONEY, R 1 E.

Ah, father! I wished to see you. my heart is ill at ease.

MAHONEY. I know it, my child. I am afraid that I can be of little assistance to you in this emergency.

EILEEN. Surely you would not have me break a vow—the promise which I solemnly made to Patrick. (L c.)

MAHO. (c.). No, my child! a vow made to Heaven, when there was no sinful end in the heart, must be kept as long as it has the approval of one's conscience. But give time to your consideration of it, and after prayer for Heaven's guidance, be firm in following what it shall point out. (*goe. L.*)

EILEEN. I will. Wou't you give me your blessing, father? (*kneeling.*)

MAHO. Heaven bless you, my child, and send you comfort.

[*Exit, L D.*

EILEEN. Amen, amen! for no one needs it more! I am left face to face with my fate to decide upon it now.

Enter MORIARTY, sadly, R.

Father! why, what is the matter?

MORI. Mr. Maclean has sent me notice of a distraint for rent!

EILEEN. A distraint! (*claps her hands.*)

MORI. (*sets his hat and come up c.*) I am going out. Good-bye, my child! (*embraces EILEEN*) my dear, dear child!

EILEEN. Dear, dear father! (*exit MORIARTY, L D.*) This is the most cruel blow of all to my poor father—who used to hold his head so high among his neighbors! It would seem to be the work of some malignant hand. And yet father is not a man to make enemies. Nor was Patrick, and yet some one was found to remove him by perjury. Oh! for what motive? Oh, I cannot conceive that any one should be so base, and yet it has happened. Poor Patrick! where are you now, if yet alive? My first and only love! Somehow or other I can but attach faith to that dream that I had the other night—in which I saw Patrick on a fragment of a wreck floating about in the great ocean—was more a vision than a dream! (*gas half-turn down*) Alas! if that were true, there can be little hope for me! (*sits in chair L c. by table*) If he does not come—and I am still sought by Mr. Loftus?—oh!—

Gas down, and in the house near the proscenium for the Picture at back to be effective. O'DONNELL ready for tableau at back.

How dark it has become of a sudden—and how thick the air has become! (*ris's*) There must be a storm coming on. (*to R.*) I have wearied myself with these restless nights, thinking of my poor absent lover. (*claps her hands*) Heaven help him and me! (*sits on sofa R.*) Oh, how sleepy I feel!

I will lie down, with the hope to rise more tranquil and refreshed to meet new sorrows. (*lies down on sofa*) Oh, Patrick, my first love—are you lost? no, no! (*sleepily*) Then why does he not write? why not send—some—token? (*sleeps.*)

Music, piano, "She is far from the land where her hero," etc. Dream-transparency at back opens, c., and discover set scene, representing a tropical island with sea and sky, and O'DONNELL in shirt and trousers, hair rough, on a rock or spar of ship, looking out seaward eagerly.

EILEEN. Ah, he has escaped. He has been wrecked on an island in the Indian Ocean, where there is no means of flight! He is thinking of me! poor fellow. Ah! he sees—he sees a passing ship! (O'DONNELL rises and waves his neckerchief) They do not see him. He takes off his neckerchief and waves it as a signal! They will pass and not see him! Oh! Nay, his signal is answered! They come to take him off! He falls on his knees (O'DONNELL kneels with clasped hands) to thank Heaven! Let me do the same! (*close in the transparency, quick. Music, tremolo, on the stringed instruments.*)

EILEEN (*rises and falls on her knees*). Oh, thank Heaven. thank Heaven! (*looks round. In a voice of grief and bitter disappointment*) Oh, where am I? I have been dreaming again—dreaming again! (*Music, a sustained chord.*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*Interior of office in 1st grooves. same as Scene II., Act I. Gas up.*

Enter, L., MACLEAN and LOFTUS. LOFTUS has a riding-whip.

MACLEAN. What is your order respecting Mr. Moriarty?

LOFTUS. Go on with the annoyances.

MAC. I have prepared for a distraint.

LOFT. That's right.

MAC. About the leddie—does she consent?

LOFT. Not yet; but even her iron will melt. You must proceed with the pressure. Make your levy on some of the produce of the outlying fields. (*laughing*) Mind, you must expect me to disavow all knowledge of your blunder, and to be roundly abused for doing it.

MAC. (*grumblingly*). I get eno' curses from the others, the tenants, not to have to tak' damning from you.

LOFT. You can put it in the bill. I pay you well, sir.

MAC. (*aside*). You don't know how weel. I tak' guid care that ye do! (R. C.)

LOFT. You have only to follow my instructions.

Enter TIM, R.

TIM. I beg pardon, Mr. Maclean, but haven't you the fag-end of a job for me this day?

MAC. I have not.

TIM. Then it's the bright tin-shilling piece ye are goin' to let me have on account of the work ye are goin' to give me. I am mortal dhray.

MAC. I am busy. I have nothing for you to do.

TIM. Arrah, thin, you will give it to me. It will be an act of Christian charity, be raisin of the drouth I am in.

MAC. (*angrily*). I told you before that I have nothing to give you.

TIM. You won't! Thin you had betther. (*hops about R.*)

LOFT. Who is the fellow?

MAC. A discharged clerk o' mine.

LOFT. It is strange liberty that you allow him.

TIM. Oh, Mr. Loftus! Is it there ye are? (*comes to C. MACLEAN goes to R. C.*) It's the goulden sovereign ye are goin' to give me to driuk yer health!

LOFT. The fellow dares to suppose I would grant such a request!

TIM. Oh, you don't remimber! Well, sometimes it is convanient to forget. I'm the man that wrote that letter (*pause*; LOFTUS *starts*) which cleared yer path of your rivals. Now, won't you give me the money. Mr. Maclean knows me well!

LOFT. I don't know or care to what you allude. Begone, or I'll lay my horsewhip across your back! (*makes a cut at TIM, who hops out of the way*) If you dare to annoy me again I'll hand you over to the police. You impudent scoundrel! hang you! [*Exit, L., indignantly.*]

TIM (*angry*). The polis! to the polis! hand me over to the polis! (*he pronounces the word with the second syllable very short*) Oh! and ye had betther not, Mr. Henry Loftus, Esquire! Don't you think so, Mr. Maclean? (*goes R. C.*)

MAC. (*comes to C.*) Why not? It's little your word or mine would weigh against his. Here, I have thought of a job for you. (*takes a paper from his breast coat pocket*) Take two bailiffs and a file of police, and, with this warrant, levy on Mr. Moriarty's farm. There'll be two guineas for you when the job is completed.

TIM (*delighted*). Two guineas! Oh, it will be drink for a week! I'll do it! Give me the warrant. (*takes paper*) I'll do it! Oh, whiskey, you're me darlint! an' it's goin' to the devil I am for you! an' I hope he has a good supply when I meet you there. [*Hops off, R.*]

MAC. That fellow is getting dangerous. (*goes R.*) Well, this enterprise is dangerous, and there's some hope of his getting knockit on the head. (*R., at back, looks off L. Music, "Norah Creina"*) There's a good-looking lassie coming this way.

Enter NORAH, L. to C.

NORAH. I have heard the neighbors say that haymaking is easy work, and that any one can do it without practice. I shall be glad to earn a day's wages, for at my cousin's even that little will help.

MAC. (*comes forward*). Good day.

NORAH (*aside*). That horrid man! (*tries to go R. MACLEAN prevents her.*)

MAC. Don't go! I know that you have no reason to like me—

NORAH. I do not wish harm to any one. I only know that my poor brother was most foully wronged, and by some one.

MAC. So I believe!

NORAH. Do you? Thank you for that! (*is again prevented going R. by MACLEAN.*)

MAC. One moment! (*aside*) She's a very pretty lassie, and if she were not Irish I might think of making a left-hand wife of her.

NORAH. Your manner alarms me. I am pressed for time. Let me go—

MAC. Nay! Where have you been staying the past few years.

NORAH. With my cousins, the McGinties.

MAC. The McGinties? Why, they must be as poor as you yourself.

NORAH. They are so, indeed—Heaven bless them the more for their kindness.

MAC. The loss of your brither must have come sore to the hearts of you and your mithler.

NORAH. Yes.

MAC. If you are in need o' money, there's ways to earn it. Gie us a kiss.

NORAH. Sir! do you mean to insult me! (MACLEAN *seizes her hands*.)

MAC. There canna' be much harm in kissing a pretty lassie. There's na onc b_y—I will ha' one! (*Music, forte*.)

Enter MAHONEY, L. He crosses and separates MACLEAN and NORAH, pushing the former to L.

MAHONEY (to NORAH). Run away! (*exit NORAH, R. MAHONEY knocks MACLEAN down with his cane as the latter rushes to follow NORAH*) Leave me to deal with this ruffian!

MAC. (*rises on his elbow, as if stunned*). The priest!

MAHO. Yes. There are some occasions on which the church must be militant. This is one of them.

MAC. (*rises, trembling with rage and excitement*). The clergyman! Oh, this will look well when you are placed in the dock, charged with an unwarrantable assault on the person of a leal subject.

MAHO. I shall not look so ashamed of my position as the accuser, and I shall receive more sympathy. A shepherd cannot be seen b_{tter} th_n when arraigned for defending the lambs of his flock from the wolf! And now take my advice and don't linger here, for if she tells the boys in yonder field of your attempted outrage, and they overtake you, it's not a bone unbroken that they will leave in your body!

MAC. She's likely enough, and they will be only too glad of the opportunity to be even! I'll gang awa'. [*Exit, sullenly, L.*]

MAHO. (*c., laughing*). It's not much sympathy he would get as the beaten man in an attack on a woman from an Irish judge and jury. In actions for damages for breaches of the peace, attended with bodily injuries received from a defender of the sex, the plaintiff is not only certain to be nonsuited, but the defendant's acquittal is accompanied by marked expressions of applause from the body of the court. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Hay-field in 5th (or 6'h, being set full depth of stage) grooves. Bright sunlight effect.*

Discover BRYAN, PHADRIG, PETER M'CANN, and HAYMAKERS, MEN and GIRLS. They toss and push the hay down to front, then stop, in irregular lines, resting on their forks and rakes, across the stage—BRYAN C., M'CANN R. C., PHADRIG L. C.

BRYAN. Well, boys, barrin' interruptions, we shall do mighty well, for it's dry enough already.

M'CANN. Dry it is, enough an' to spare. Faix, ye're right! I've been thinking it was very hot all along, and am glad ye spoke, though I am not so thin as ye—

BRYAN. Thin! why, ye ould bag of blather, ye're like the pipers, all blown out wid wind.

M'CANN. I am not such a parcel of bones as ye are!

BRYAN. What's of me is good flesh an' blood, (*slaps his thigh*) and not air. Why, if a girl wor to make a mistake and give you a clip, you'd all run out through her arms, an' there'd be left only your shrivelled skin. (*all laugh*.)

PHADRIG. That's hot for you, Peter. Give it back to him strong.

M'CANN. If I commenced to answer him I shouldn't lave an ounce of him; but it's exhaustin' to be disputing. Come, an' you say it is so dry, why don't you give us somewhat to wet our whistles?

BRYAN. It was the blissed hay I spoke about, and not you, you animated balloon! But it's all right, b'yes. I have sent up to the dairy for a churn of butthermilk, and the masther has promised a jar of whiskey, so ye may refresh yersilves as ye please.

ALL. Hurrah!

BRYAN. That's what I was going to say whin this big bolster of a spalpeen interrupted me, wid his tongue hanging out of his mouth like a bull's.

Enter, R. 1 E., NORAH.

BRYAN. Miss Norah, is it? Is it come for a little divarsion in seeing the boys and girls making hay?

NORAH. I have come to take my share in the haymaking, if you will let me. (*all evince interest; they whisper to each other, and so forth*) Or rather a part of the day, for the sun is so high that the day is half gone.

BRYAN. O'Donnell's sister forced to work for her bread—well, this is a sorrowful sight!

NORAH. I have heard that haymaking was light work and easi'y learnt by any one, and even a day's wages would be welcome to them at home.

BRYAN. It's time he came home if ever! Mushu! but this is a bitter cross.

NORAH. There's no shame in it? (*all start and mutter "No, no!"*)

BRYAN. True for ye, there is none! The heavy part of the day is now done, but there's enough for one to earn a bit something. You shall have a place.

NORAH. Oh, thank you!

BRYAN. And there's a light fork. (*gives NORAH a smallish pitchfork*) Mind an' don't overwork yersilf. (*NORAH goes L. C.*) But ye mustn't work in among the boys—they're honest enough, but they are a rough lot. Patsy, (*a GIRL comes forward L. to C.*) you take Miss Norah into the little corner beyant and give her some lessons in the young lady's latest accomplishment of hay-making.

GIRL (*curtseying*). Miss Norah! Sure, I'm proud of it!

[*Exit, following NORAH off, L. 1 E.*]

BRYAN. Now then, b'yes, rake up the hay!

Music. The hay is raked up stage and formed into little heaps, L. C. and R. C., up and down stage, two lines of three or four heaps each. R., noise of drumming on a tin pan, striking a suspended piece of iron with another continuously like playing a triangle, and a hissing sound like men make in rubbing down a horse.

BRYAN. What noise is that?

Enter BRIDGET, R. 1 E.

BRIDGET. It's the bees.

BRYAN. The bees making a noise like that?

BRIDG. No, I mane it's the boys bringing home the bees.

BRYAN. Why don't they come home of themselves? Oh, I see, bees is like women and soldiers, they must be coaxed wid noise. (*all go up, inside of 2d grooves line.*)

Enter, R. 1 E., two or three PEASANTS, one hissing coaxingly, another drumming

on tin pan, another ringing a piece of iron on a string with another piece of iron; four holding a sheet up at arms' length over their heads, one at each corner, followed by several more with twigs smeared with molasses and sugar. They all cross and exeunt, L. 1 E.

BRYAN. That's a dale of ceremony for so little a crature as a bee. (*comes down front with BRIDGET*) What kept you so long? Was it colloquin' wid the bees, ye were?

BRIDG. No, but I was looking after them.

BRYAN. Oh, bees is bad things to look afther—they have stings in their tails.

BRIDG. We lost part of them in the swarming, and that's what detained me most.

BRYAN. And where did ye find them?

BRIDG. They had flown over the house in behind the haggart that used to be Patrick O'Donnell's—

BRYAN. Did they? Then it's a token of good luck. He'll be coming back some day! But I was going to say that you are lucky in coming. Sure there's a girl that's been plaguing the life o' me. She isn't a stranger—but a mighty ingaging being intirely.

BRIDG. (*interested*). Who is she? (*ALL come down, listening with interest.*)

BRYAN. Well, she isn't ould, and she may be called handsome by thim that admires her, but I can't. She ought to be punished for the murder she is committing this moment on my heart. She's a nice girl, though her eyes might be bigger, and her nose—it's a mighty indepidint nose—it don't turn up nor turn down, but inclines to one side.

BRIDG. (*impatiently*). What is her name?

BRYAN. Her name? Yis, I belave the crature has a name. Here, I'll whisper it. But you mustn't look at me in that way. Turn your ears to me. (*BRIDGET turns her back to BRYAN*) Not like that. Ye haven't ears in the back of your head. (*ALL laugh*) Though ye are a quare-made woman on the outside. Well, niver moind: just turn the cock of your nose upward as if ye wor looking for stars in the skies. (*BRIDGET innocently looks up, and BRYAN kisses her.*)

ALL. Ha, ha! (*PHADRIG comes to C. and sings.*)

SONG.—OH, ISN'T IT FUN TO MAKE LOVE IN THE HAY?

I.

It's best to combine your work and your play,
And be making love while ye're making hay;
It's easy in *raking* to wisk girls "good day,"
And injoy all the fun whoile ye're toiling away.

CHORUS.

Isn't it fun? oh, isn't it fun?
(*emphatically*) Oh, isn't it fun
To make love in the hay?

(*Dances a step of jig.*)

II.

That toime bein' past comes the swate month of June,
Whin the heels of your brogues of thimselves plays a tune,
An' the girl of yer heart loves—not only in play—
Sometimes she's near, sometimes far astray!
But it's beautiful fun to make love in the hay.
(*Chorus and dance as before.*)

III.

If thin ye get once of her lips a rich taste,
It's like to conclude wid a call on the praste;
And the cares of your loife ye wid haste aside lay,
And at high-tide of happiness joyfully say—

Oh, wasn't it fun, etc.

(Chorus and dance as before. Then all sing chorus and dance.)

BRYAN comes to C. and sings (or speaks to music if he is not a vocalist, and indeed what he recites is irregular and must be accompanied by the music.)

IV.

But oft it has happened in Ireland they say—

There'll be twins in the cradle—— (All laugh, not loud.)

An' a nurse in the house——

[BRIDGET and GIRLS threaten him.

Who takes whiskey in tay——

[GIRLS seize him and run him off, R. 1 E., beating him. The MEN laugh.

Enter, R. 1 E., MEN carrying a churn, which they set L C. line of 1 E., and a stone jar which they set on stool, R C., 1 E. line. Re-enter BRYAN and GIRLS, R. 1 E. GIRLS go L, and 1st PEASANT GIRL and BRIDGET ladle out the buttermilk into tin cups, bowls, etc., and they drink.

BRYAN (takes cup and fills it out of the jar). Oh, boys, here's the drink. But who knows? it might be poisoned. I'll risk me life, and take first taste! (drinks and makes a wry face.)

M'CANN. None of your freaks with dacint liquor.

BRYAN. Ugh! it's horrid stuff! I must put it out of pain wid another.

M'CANN. Oh, drink fairly!

BRYAN. Go on, b'yes! (all drink.)

PEASANT (at back). Hooroo, b'yes! here's the piper! (all cheer.)

Enter, L. U. E., PIPER, with his bagpipes. He comes down C., shaking hands right and left.

PIPER. Is it all well ye are? I sh'u'dn't ha' thought it, widout the piper being to the fore. Ye're lucky this day, for there's a beautiful wind, which will fill out the bags to discoorse music widout the laste taste of a grunt. Who's for a jig?

ALL. A jig! (they toss up their caps, etc.)

BRYAN. A jig! Bother a jig! We haven't got a barn door here to lay down for a flure. No, let's be independent of the heat, and clear the way for the Haymaker's Run.

Music of the "Haymaker's Run," introductory, while the dance is prep red for. Exit BRIDGET and BRYAN. MEN form a line at back, flourishing shillalehs during the dance.

DESCRIPTION OF DANCE.—All, at back, dance down front in two rows of sixteen each (a corps of thirty-two). Each row form a ring by the ends joining hands, and dance round three times; then break into four rings and dance same; then into eight rings and dance same. (The heaps of hay being left on serve as centres for these rings.) Then form four rows, which jig along the front, facing audience. They retire up

to line of 2 E. The front row (male L., female, male, etc.) run L. As the last one reaches the first L. one of the second row, they join hands, and the second row follows the first off L. So with the next two rows. All are now in one chain. After going off L. 1 E., the leader brings them on again L. 2 E., cross to R. 2 E., and exit. Re-enter, R. 1 E., crossing to L. front, then circling back to R. 1 E., within the line of those following, and, by continuing the circle while narrowing it, he winds them all up like a watch-spring, he being in the centre. All stop and shout "Hurroo!" The men jump up and lift the girls. To repeat, form in four rows and run off L. 1 E., as before, with the same finish. At the last entrance Bridget and Bryan enter with them.

Enter, L. U. E., a PEASANT.

PEASANT. Boys! boys!

BRYAN. Whist! what is it?

PEAS. The *pollies* (police). Tim the Pinman and a lot o' pollies! (*general sensation. All form groups and look up L.*)

BRYAN. What are they going to do? What do the police want? It's little or less they'll get here. (*Music, military march.*)

*Enter, L. U. E., TIM, two BAILIFFS, POLICE OFFICER and POLICE. They come down R. side to front, forming line, R., at 1 and 2 E.**

TIM (*shows warrant*). Oh, yis! oh, yis! oh, yis!

BRYAN. Divil a taste of it! If you want anything of us, ye'll find it will be oh, no! oh, no! oh, no! (*all laugh.*)

TIM. Know all men by these presents, that by vartue of a warrant duly signed and registered, we make distraint for the value of a sum of money due to Henry Loftus, Esq., the superior landlord, of all havings and houldings, messuages and tiniments, all the produce, cut grass and hay now lying here.

ALL (*groan*). Oh!

BRYAN. There'll be some one else lying here. I tell you that ye'll go back as empty-handed as ye came. Mr. Moriarty has paid us for our work—we are his men——

ALL. Aye!

BRYAN. And for him we make the hay, and not for Mr. Loftus.

TIM (*swagely*). In token of lagal sazure we must take something. (*to POLICEMAN*) Fill that basket and take it away. (*in the teeth of BRYAN*) In the name of the law! (*BRYAN knocks him down.*)

BRYAN. Who dare pick up a straw? Girls, clear the coorse. Ye'll find some soft stones beyant. (*GIRLS go L. MEN and POLICE fight. Some PEASANTS seize TIM and carry him off, R.; re-entering, they take the POLICE in the rear, and so overpower them. GIRLS and MEN at back cheer and wave kerchiefs and flourish sticks. Tableau.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

* PEASANTS (*at back*).

POLICE.

OFFICER.

BRYAN.

BRIDGET.

TIM.

PEASANTS.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in MORIARTY'S house, in 2d grooves.**Discover MORIARTY and EILEEN, seated, c.*

MORI. I fear this will turn out a highly painful affair. Through the excessive zeal of Bryan O'Farrell and the men he misguided in what will be called rebellion against the lawful forces, you may at any moment see your old father dragged off like a felon to the county jail.

EILEEN. Oh, father! it is not possible you can be implicated.

MORI. The men were in my employ at the time—were, indeed, my servants, and I will be held answerable for the excesses they have wrought.

EILEEN. Father, I have asked my heart to consider your wishes, but it has not yet responded. Give it a little time. I will see Mr. Loftus, and implore him not to have you judged harshly. Surely he will need but to have the matter explained to him to prevent your being dragged to prison.

MORI. There was a time when you felt no reluctance to obey.

Enter, L., PEASANT GIRL.

GIRL. Mr. Loftus, sir.

MORI. Ah! Tell him to enter instantly. (*rises.*)

Enter, L. 1 E., MR. LOFTUS. Exit the GIRL. EILEEN rises and goes o L. c.

LOFTUS (*shakes hands with MORIARTY, c.*). Good morning, Mr. Moriarty, I hastened to apologize for my fellow's gross outrage, for I must call it an outrage, to act thus without my knowledge, much more without my orders. You agree with me?

MORI. I must own that I thought it cruel indeed. I could hardly bring myself to believe that you knew——

LOFT. Surely you did not suspect me—Well, I could have expected anything but to be suspected, and by Miss Eileen, too.

EILEEN. I must confess——

LOFT. Well, I shall not forgive that scoundrel Maclean in a hurry.

EILEEN. My father has never before been behind-hand with his rent. I own that I was wrong to have misjudged you so hastily, and yet you can understand that there was no other explanation of the action. I beg of you to give my father time to meet the rent, and to his thanks, I shall add the best of my own.

LOFT. (*aside*). The lovely Eileen a suppliant at last. This is, indeed, a triumph! (*aloud*) Yes, while regretting, I can understand that you should have had doubts. It was a simple thing: my agent went beyond his authority to invent new orders. Happily, all will be well on one condition.

EILEEN. Condition?

MORI. What is it? name it!

LOFT. (*smiles*). When I say *is* I mean *was*—there was but one way——

MORI. If you impose conditions, let me know at once the nature of the debt.

LOFT. Well, you cannot suffer if it is proved that my agent and myself were in the wrong. At the time that my agent made his seizure, it was

unlawful, for the debt was more than paid at the time. In a word, I had lodged the money to your credit in the Limerick Bank. So you see, a few pounds distributed among the police, who were badly beaten, and there need be no more said about the matter.

MORI. I cannot sufficiently thank you, Mr. Loftus. You, indeed, behave like a friend.

LOFT. I have not acted thus for any reward. (*exit MORIARTY, R.*) I did not mean to make a bargain of my sentiments. But still (*to EILEEN, tenderly*) I cannot hope to conceal my joy that in serving your father, I am receiving the blessing of the only creature in the world who could make my happiness complete and unrivalled.

EILEEN. Believe me that I am grateful for my father's sake——

LOFT. How grateful I should be if by this or any other act I could win such a heart as thine.

EILEEN. My heart! (*agitated*) Pray—let me leave you!

LOFT. Stay—one moment! may I hope?

EILEEN. You—may!

LOFT. Eileen! (*kisses her hand, aside*) She is mine!

[*Exit, L., proscenium E.*]

EILEEN. Oh, Patrick! If my heart is still true to you, my lips have betrayed you! (*c.*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*Same as Scene II., Act II., in 1st grooves.*

Enter, L., BRIDGET and JOHN THOMAS, to c.

JOHN (*L. c.*). Well, Miss Maguire, I must say that affairs are beginning to look more brilliant.

BRIDGET. What affairs?

JOHN. The *affaires de queer*—(*affaires de cœur*)!

BRIDG. Affairs dee quare—thin you must mane quare affairs. What's thim?

JOHN. Those of my love, which you know were coupled with my master's. He has h'induced Miss Moriarty to change her h'opinion of him, and that means marriage.

BRIDG. Ah! it will be an evil day to her and all of us when she lets Mr. Loftus or any one but her own true lover change her name of Moriarty.

JOHN. Miss Maguire, take copy by their h'example, and remember my affection to make a h'appy man of me. It will be the death of me if I don't succeed now.

BRIDG. Amen!

JOHN. Don't say that!

BRIDG. Sure I might agree that, when your master's married Miss Eileen, I might be led to the altar by you, for sorra a betther fate would the likes of me care to have on such an occasion.

JOHN (*gayly*). After that you needn't say more in proof of your love. Let me press your 'and to my lips.

BRIDG. On your knees, sh, ask the favor.

JOHN. On my knees! (*aside*) And I have new buckskins on, and they are tight. Never mind! 'ang the h'expense when there's a pretty girl in the case. (*kneels on his spread-out handkerchief, with much difficulty*) Miss Maguire, I ask you to let me seal the bond——

BRIDG. You are not very gallant.

Enter BRYAN, L.

If you were an Irishman you would be ready to kiss the very ground I walk on.

JOHN (*horrified*). The ground? No! I can't stoop so low. But I will kiss your foot, just h'above the h'ankle! (*aside*) The dear gal!

BRIDG. You may if ye stoop. (*as JOHN lowers his head, BRYAN takes BRIDGET's place.*) [BRIDGET *exits*, R.]

JOHN (*aside*). It's not a very little one! I—I beg your pardon, but your shoe is muddy—(*half rises*.)

BRYAN (*stoops and laughs in his face*). Ha, ha! Oh, you shoneen! at it again! (*JOHN cannot get up on account of the tightness of his breeches*) Is it making a monument of yerself ye are, or doin' pinnance by the road-side?

JOHN (*aside*). That Irish boor! (*looks round*) He has frightened the dear gal away!

BRYAN. Get up and go away, and don't make a cockshot of yourself for every one that goes past.

JOHN. Get up? That's not to be done in an instant. Here goes! (*rises with an effort.*)

BRYAN. What's the matter? Have you got the rheumatism?

JOHN (*keeps his face to the audience throughout*). There's an awful fracture. I must go 'ome and make a change. 'Owever, I've got the dear gal's promise, and I should have had her name the day only for this h'Irish boor—cuss him!

BRYAN. Is it praying ye are? Then don't forget yersilf, for no one needs it more.

JOHN (*sneeringly*). I suppose that's h'Irish wit. It's the h'only thing they h'ought to be allowed to keep to themselves.

BRYAN (*laughs*). Because you can't take it away from us. Though it would not do yees much good if ye did, for it's like the shamrock, it only thrives in a ginerous soil!

JOHN (L.). I wonder that Parliament don't pass a h'act to make it penal for any one to prevent a h'Englishman doing what he pleases.

BRYAN. Sure, when ye're in the danger of going to the divil in your own consate, no one would try to stop you.

JOHN. At least they should be kept from h'old h'England.

BRYAN. If all Englishmen were like you, an' it's a mercy that they're not, that would be the last place any one would want to live in.

JOHN (*going softly off, L.*). That's a matter of h'opinion.

BRYAN. Mind that! (*JOHN exits sidewise*) So that monkey's master is going to marry Miss Eileen at last. Poor Patrick O'Donnell! He might have been spared that last stroke of bad luck—the girl of his heart should have kep' true to him to the last. Mr. Moriarty likes the landlord, and, indade, no doubt the pressure is great upon him. Or perhaps she loves him—women are such queer cratures. It's strange that we've never had news of him. Oh, may be he's dead. It's but black news we would have to send him instead—his mother dead, his sister forced to go out for a day's wages, his home in ruins, and his own sweetheart about to wed another, and that other his rival! Poor Patrick! it's far better for you to stay where you are, in blessed ignorance of the evil times that have been here. Oh, don't. don't come back—it would break your heart! Stay where you are, and keep the memory of old and happy times warm!

[*Exit, L.*]

Music, "Exile of Erin." Enter, R., PATRICK O'DONNELL, *disguised*.

O'DONNELL. My letter must have reached my sister by this time, and she will keep the tryst, no doubt. Yet now that I have written it I fear

that I have been imprudent, for if it should have fallen into any hands but hers the consequences may be fatal to me. And yet no one but her could have understood it. Alas! hate is keen! But I must risk something to have news of them that I have heard nothing of for so many years. What may have happened to them all while I have dwelt in shame and ignominy. My mother, sister—are they yet alive? Eileen, my loved one, and so rudely lost, art thou still true? I fear to inquire of them I meet, lest they should suspect me from the eagerness of my curiosity; and to strangers it were useless and still more dangerous to apply. If my letter brings not Norah to my refuge, where I skulk like the hunted hare, I will seek Father Mahoney. If he cannot aid me, at least he will not betray me. Ah! some one approaches. (*looks L.*) The face of one is familiar to me, and the other I fancy is not altogether unknown, and somehow they vaguely revive unpleasant reminiscences. I must return and seek another road. [*Exit, R.*]

Music to LOFTUS's entrance. Enter, L., LOFTUS and MACLEAN.

LOFTUS (*gayly*). Congratulate me! The proud Eileen has at last consented to be mine.

MACLEAN. Dinna halloo till you are oot o' the forest. How do you know but that she is playing a double game with you and anither?

LOFT. What other? (*MACLEAN smiles*) There's only one that I have reason to dread the presence of, and he is far away and dare not return on peril of his head.

MAC. Aye! if ye think so! Hark'ee! you knoo what reasons I ha'e to be tender to the name of O'Donnell? Weel, when I was sitting in my office last night, I heard the postman asking my clark if he knew the address where he would find one Norah O'Donnell, for whom he had a leeter. My clark couldna' tell, but I went to the door and told the man that I thought the girl would call at my office, when I would gi'e her the leeter. Glad to be saved the trouble of tramping about the country, the man left the letter in my hands.

LOFT. You did not read it?

MAC. The steam from a boiling kettle sufficiently moistened the adhesive gum on the envelope to enable me to open it.

LOFT. And it was from him?

MAC. It purported to be from a friend of his, and his name was not mentioned; but I mak' no doot of it.

LOFT. Then he is here?

MAC. It asked Norah to meet the writer at his hiding-place this night, the old water-mill of Barrow's Folly, which the country folks say is haunted.

LOFT. Aye, by the ghost of a lady.

MAC. The very place for a man to avoid discovery. She was to know the writer by the token that one day, when they were children, she had dressed herself in a sheet and personated the ghost. I understood it all. This morning the postman came for the letter, for, meanwhile, he had discovered the girl's address.

LOFT. No, Eileen could not have known of this, or she is an arch-hypocrite. What's to be done? for they must not meet. He's a returned felon. He can be lodged in prison and sent back to serve out his sentence.

MAC. That would make a stir. He is without the pale of the law, and, since no one knows yet of his return, he might be knockit on the head in a corner, and no one be the wiser.

LOFT. The prison—that will do—I will have no murder.

MAC. I don't mean murder. With the help of one of my bailiffs—a new man to this part of the country—I will undertake to arrest him and keep him close until after your marriage. We can carry a mock warrant, and, should he resist the arrest, we will be on our rights, and the consequences will be on his own head.

LOFT. Disguise it as you may, your proposition is tantamount to one of murder.

MAC. Who cares for him—unless it is your betrothed?

LOFT. Ah! anything, so long as you keep him out of the way till Eileen is mine.

MAC. (*aside*). And I have secured the pretty Norah to become my left-handed wife. (*aloud*) Mr. Loftus, we must hang together now if we would not hang afterwards. You shall sign the mock warrant, for it is necessary that you have a hand in the work.

LOFT. No, no!

MAC. And you must be seen in our company just before and after the deed.

LOFT. Why that word? Nor you nor I need steep our hands in blood. I have something which will render him as one who is dead, while you can put him away in safety.

MAC. Then come!

[*They exeunt, L.*]

Music, "Exile of Erin." Enter, R., O'DONNELL.

O'DONNELL. I was right to avoid those men. I have good reason not to esteem either of them as friends. Here comes a peasant—an honest fellow—I will risk it and ask him a few questions.

Enter, L., BRYAN.

BRYAN. Eh? it is! no! it can't be! Oh, spake, spake! Ye're not dead! It's not yer ghost! Ye are—ye are——

O'D. Bryan! (*they fall into one another's arms, c.*)

BRYAN. Have ye got your pardon? No! Oh, murder! don't ye know that it's to your death ye're returning?

O'D. It's better to die amongst those we love than live amongst strangers. Tell me——

BRYAN. Whist! there's some people comin'. (*looks R.*)

O'D. You'll come with me?

BRYAN. Anywhere, barriu' it's to the divil! [*They exeunt hastily, L.*]

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Interior of Ruined Water-mill, in 4th grooves. Moonlight, R. U. E.*

Enter, L. D., NORAH, to C.

NORAH (*cautiously*). Where are you? Mister Letter-writer, it is No—— Oh, don't be frightened. I know you by the token. Are you trying to play a trick on me? I am not more easily frightened than others, but it would be cruel to trifle with me so. Why don't you speak? (*music*) It is your sister Norah! The silence chills me to the heart. There is no one here. Can I have mistaken the time? Perhaps I have come too soon or too late! Not too late? Or he may have fallen into the hands of those whom I know would be thirsty for his blood. Patrick! Don't keep me waiting in this dismal place, for it terrifies me!

He does not seem to hear my voice. (*to L. D.*) Steps! he is coming! and not alone. Patrick, I—sh! if it should not be him! I will conceal myself. [*Exits, R. D.*]

Music, such as is used in melodramas for the business of the Villain searching the room before he murders the victim in his bed. Enter, L. D., MACLEAN and BAILIFF. The latter searches the stage, then comes to R. C.

BAILIFF. Arrah, there's no one here. It's as dark as a black cat in a cellar.

MAC. You know what we have to do here. arrest a returned convict—an escaped felon. If he resists—

BAIL. Blow his brains out. (*shows a pistol.*)

MAC. No! there must be no reports of firearms. We can't be too quiet over the job for fear we rise the county. Put away your pistol, so that you cannot yield to the temptation. Put it down, I say. (*BAILIFF reluctantly puts pistol on rail of stairs and platform running R. C. to D. F.*) You say Mr. Loftus gave me something?

BAIL. Yes, a bottle—that I'll take my oath on. I saw him put it into your hands. Ah, it's craving a drop I am—it would put courage into us.

MAC. More like take it away. But it was not drink. You saw Mr. Loftus sign the warrant?

BAIL. Yes. Give it to me. (*takes paper*) That's all right! I have heard, sir, that this ould mill is haunted.

MAC. Yes, by the ghost of a lady. That makes no matter to us. Indeed, she ought to be friendly to any one adding another to the people of her land.

BAIL. I don't like them sperits.

MAC. Tut, man! Remember that we work for money! It's ten guineas to you for your share in the task.

BAIL. That's enough. Hark! (*goes to L. D.*) I hear steps.

MAC. He's not alone! Come on! (*they exit, L. D. F., and hide.*)

Enter, L. D., BRYAN and O'DONNELL, to C.

O'DONNELL. This way, Bryan. If Eileen is still true? If the old love has yet some charm in her heart, as you bid me hope.

BRYAN. Niver fear, sir, she has thought of no one but you all along. Let her once know that you are at hand—for it's your long silence that's done the harm—and her heart will warm to you. Sorra a one of thim, good or bad, that will be able to kape her from you thin. It'll all be right! Father Mahoney is getting up a petition for your return, an' there's no end to the neighbors that will break their necks to sign it.

O'D. My sister should have been here, but I see no signs of her.

BRYAN. This is a quare place by the light of the moon! don't you find it dull here all alone—or do you be having a swate interview with the ghost betimes?

O'D. Ah! yes! No, the lady has not seen fit to honor me with a visit. My own thoughts are miserable enough without the company of any such visitant.

BRYAN. Well, I shouldn't mind her either, if she'd come an' see me in the daylight.

O'D. Surely you do not believe in ghosts—you, a man?

BRYAN. Well, I know that there's a good many that don't belave in thim, or at laste, pretinds not to belave in thim; but, d'ye see, I always have a great respect for my grandmother, and what we hear when we are

childer, is apt to stick to us through life. Now she used to belave in ghosts, and taught me to do the same, and now I belave in thim out of respect to her memory. Sure, it makes me say my prayers sometimes whin I am in the dark whin I wouldn't have done it otherwise, and that's a great gain intirely. Well, you're well placed here. In case of trouble you have several ways of escape.

O'D. Really, I don't remember but that door. (*points to L. D.*)

BRYAN. Oh, there's this one. (*goes to R. D. F.*) Laster ways it's not a road, but a rope—ah, here it is, fastened to the windlass. In case of alarm, you have only to lower yourself down by this, and find yourself in another county.

O'D. But the mill has been abandoned and the rope disused so long—will it not be unsafe?

BRYAN. Well, it's lowered many sacks of flour in it's time. (*hangs on the rope*) No! it's all right enough. (*comes to L. C.*) There's another road, if it can be called a road. It ought to be somewhere about here. Ah! I have it. (*lifts trap-door*) You can drop down here into the mill-race below, and be swept out into the shtrame, where you can aisy reach the shore and find the ferry waiting day and night to take people over.

O'D. But one would be dashed against the wheel.

BRYAN. Oh, no—when the mill was left, by raisin of it's bein' too big for the grinding of the district, so they call it Barrow's Folly—the wheel was drawn up, and you can pass under it without fear.

O'D. I think I remember now.

BRYAN. Whin I was a boy, an' a harum-scarum fellow, I used to do it for a bit of a freak, an' was niver the worse for it. (*closes trap*) But I must be going now.

O'D. Don't forget my message to Father Mahoney.

BRYAN. No! nor for Miss Norah either. But won't you come home to us?

O'D. That would only expose you to danger.

BRYAN. Oh! niver mind that! Well, if you won't come, I'll bring ye a shake-down of straw, and a pillow, and maybe a blanket or two, and thin, if the ghost does come, you can do like the childer, stick your head in the straw and bid her do her worst. Good-bye! (*going to L. D., turns and goes to R. D. F.*) This is my nearest way! (*seizes rope*) It's aisy to go down in the world!

[*Exit down rope. Music as before to BRYAN's exit.*]

O'D. He is gone. Now, I must wait for my sister, or until his return. If that letter should have fallen into other hands—though no one but her could hardly have understood it—I fear that I have been imprudent in writing to her. (*R. C., front.*)

Enter, L. D. F., BAILIFF, who comes down c

BAILIFF. Your name's O'Donnell. I arrest you. (*he has a stick.*)

O'D. By what right?

BAIL. Oh, if you want to see my warrant, here it is. (*shows paper*) But you will have to go, though you see it or not.

O'D. (*draws pistol*). I am prepared for what I have to expect.

Enter MACLEAN, L. D. F

BAILIFF (*aside*). Armed! confound it, I have put my barker away.

MACLEAN (*politely*). Mr. O'Donnell, I have heard this man's speech. I beg him to acquaint you, as a gentleman, with the nature of the charge

against you. If he is in the right, as a loyal subject, I mun aid him, but if you are in the right, you shall ha' my help.

O'D. I thank you, though I have no reason to believe you a friend to me.

MAC. Let by-gones be by-gones. If you won't trust me now, perhaps you will when you know that I bear ye a message from your sister——

O'D. (*lowers his pistol*). My sister! What of her? (*MACLEAN springs on him, and while BAILIFF holds him, MACLEAN applies a handkerchief to his nose and mouth. O'DONNELL's struggles cease, and they lower him to the stage, where he falls as if dead.*)

BAIL. Murder, but that's a nate trick. So aisy done, too. It's like a charm! He don't budge. Is he kilt outright?

MAC. No! he's only safe for a short time.

BAIL. (*raises his stick*). Mayn't I settle him with a crack over the head?

MAC. No! there must be no marks of violence on him.

O'D. (*in a stifled voice*). Help, help, help! Ah, where am I? I am conscious of what goes on around me, and yet I can make no resistance.

BAIL. Sure, he is dead!

MAC. No! but there must be no blood. (*drags O'DONNELL to trap, while BAILIFF picks up O'DONNELL's pistol and puts it in his pocket*) The trap is somewhere here. (*opens trap*) We will drop him into the mill-race, and he will be carried miles down the stream.

O'D. (*faintly*). Ah! monsters!

MAC. If found, there will be nothing to incriminate us found on him. (*the two push O'DONNELL down into the trap.*)

Enter NORAH, R. D.

NORAH. Oh! hold!

BAIL. (*lets trap fall, and he and MACLEAN go to L. D.*). The ghost! the ghost! [*Exit, L. D.*]

MAC. Ghost be hanged! It's a woman. (*returns to c.*) What were you listening there for?

NORAH. To be a witness of your crime! Who was the unfortunate whom I saw you—oh! was it my brother? Ah!

MAC. Brother! Why, it is Miss Norah! I am in luck's way to bag the two at the same time. Woman, don't you know that what you have seen, you must not go forth in the world to tell of?

NORAH. Yes, kill me! It were fit that the same hands which have been imbrued in my brother's blood should end my life. Kill me, and complete your work at one blow.

MAC. Fool! don't tempt me. Here you must stay till morning! Only as my wife, can I be safe from your evidence. In the morning we will go to your praste, and you will be only too glad that he can make an honest woman of you.

NORAH. Monster! (*they struggle.*)

BRYAN *climbs up rope, seizes the pistol left on the railing, and fires at MACLEAN, who falls L. C. front. Picture.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Same as Scene I., Act I. Sun rising.*

Enter BRIDGET, from house, L. Enter JOHN THOMAS, with box or parcel, L. U. E. They meet up c.

JOHN. Oh, Miss Maguire! The h'auspicious day has now h'arrived. May I trouble you to convey my master's compliments to his h'intended bride, and with them this wreath of orange blossoms.

BRIDGET. Let's have a peep. (JOHN *opens corner of parcel and lifts up cover of box*) They're beautiful! I wish they was mine! I wonder how I should look in them!

JOHN. H'angelie! Won't you h'allow me to present you with the like the day when you make an 'appy man of me!

BRIDG. (*take parcel*). Oh, bother! you are only joking!

JOHN. Can't you believe me without my kneeling in proof of my passion. I am sorry I can't do that—but I might burst something.

BRIDG. A bloodvessel?

JOHN. No! (*aside*) Mending of breeches costs something. (*aloud*) Well, you shall 'ave the orange flowers—and a special license if you make it to-day! Hang the expense!

BRIDG. I don't mean to say that I shouldn't like the bishop's license! I won't promise, but I will think about it!

JOHN (*aside*) That's as good as settled. (BRIDGET *hands the parcel off L. D. into house*) I'll go and get the license. (*going up*.)

Enter, L. U. E., BRYAN.

BRYAN. Eh? what! The Shoneen an' not on his knees! Phew! this bates the phaynix!

JOHN (*aside*). That Irish boor! he's always h'interrupting! But he's too late this time! I've as good as got the dear gal!

BRYAN. Don't be in a hurry to go! unless ye are ashamed of yourself.

JOHN. Ah! (*to BRIDGET*) Good-bye, my charmer! We, ah! can afford, ah! to treat the low people with silent contempt!

BRYAN. Troth! there's nothing else you trate us to! the color of your money ain't often seen!

JOHN. Hum! I spoke to the fair sex, and not to the foul!

BRYAN. You are a dirthy bird to sully your own nest! lastewise, I compliment ye by supposing ye are a man! (BRIDGET *goes up c.* JOHN *goes to R. 1 E., where BRYAN follows him closely*) If the girls of ould Ireland are constant in love, the lads of ould Ireland are steadfast in hate, and out of their rivals the brains quickly bate! (*makes a threatening gesture.* JOHN *runs off R. 1 E.*) He'll say more prayers in the next half hour than ever he did in all his life before. (*comes to c.* BRIDGET *comes down*) What was the Shoneen saying to you? Ah! some more of his balderdash I suppose. But, I say, Bridget! this is a beautiful morning—bless it! for such a sad scene to go on.

BRIDG. Ah, sad it is! Poor Miss Eileen! she can't help thinking of him!

BRYAN. Well! there's no saying! He couldn't do worse than come back now—on his sweetheart's wedding morning.

BRIDG. Don't say that. Sure at the very sight of him, her heart would lep' towards him! Ah! poor Miss Eileen! there's nothing for it but to

give way to her father! Sure, he'd be ruined if he didn't bow to the landlord.

Enter MAHONEY, R. U. E.

BRYAN. Oh, bedad! if the landlords would take all the daughters—there's many would say, More glory to thim! (*he and BRIDGET salute MAHONEY, who comes down c.*) Service to your reverence.

MAHONEY. Good morning, Bryan—

BRYAN. Yis, sir. (*comes beside MAHONEY on his right. BRIDGET exits into house, L.*)

MAHO. I am expecting a letter. It's the answer to my petition concerning Patrick. Go over to the post-office, and if it has not been delivered, bring it back with you. It is highly important.

BRYAN. I am off like a shot. I'll be back in a minute! (*runs off R. 1 E. Sad music.*)

Enter, L., from house, EILEEN, sadly.

MAHO. Here comes that poor child! What can I advise?

EILEEN. Ah, father, give me your blessing! (*kneels and rises*) Oh, must I keep my promise?

MAHO. (*gravely*). A promise, my child, which has not been made for a criminal purpose, should be always held sacred.

EILEEN. Then I must hold to that which I made to Patrick! Oh! that one must surely be a crime which would make me forsworn at the altar—that would bind me to the man that I hate! (*L. c.*)

MAHO. It is not right for us to hate any man. Pray to Heaven for strength to enable you to do your duty under whatever hard conditions it has been pleased to place your life.

EILEEN. They are indeed hard! Oh, cannot you help me to some means—any means—by which I may avoid this trial!

MAHO. It is not for me to teach any one to evade the penalties of acts which they should have refused to commit. Let Heaven be appealed to—and by its answer—followed implicitly—let you be judged!

EILEEN. I have prayed to Heaven, father! But my heart remains unalterably true to Patrick.

MAHO. Go to your room, and there, in silence, make a last prayer for counsel! Even at the last moment, there may be relief.

EILEEN. Alas! none for me! I can't help my despair—for I cannot see the faintest ray of hope. (*music, sad.*)

MAHO. And remember, dark's the hour before the dawn! (*EILEEN goes L.*)

Scene closes in, quick.

SCENE II.—Office interior, in 1st grooves. Same as Scene II, Act I.

Music to LOFTUS' entrance. Enter, LOFTUS and MACLEAN, L. to c.

MACLEAN. The country will soon be too hot for me, and I have got to leave.

LOFTUS. I think you are very wise to do so.

MAC. Oh! there's nocht many that have as much respect for me as myself. I prefer flight to expulsion, or worse—arrest.

LOFT. Have you the means to travel?

MAC. Yes! I have provided myself for a long time past, and a few days ago I transferred my little savings to a London bank.

LOFT. How have you come out of the affair?

MAC. Ah, weel, e'en as life goes, and e'en better than one might have

expected. The police hearing the report of firearms from the old mill hurried to the spot, and picked me up insensible. In that condition I was carried to the hospital, where it was found out who I was. But I have reason to believe that no word escaped my lips, by which even the nurse in attendance on me, knew what had occurred. When I could get away, without exciting suspicion, I did so, and was rejoiced that all was still so quiet.

Enter, L., a SERVANT MAN, with bunch of white ribbons in his button-hole.

SERVANT (to LOFTUS). If you please, sir, the phaeton is at the door, and all the carriages of your friends. [Exit, L.]

MAC. Your house is decked out for holiday? May I ask what is the occasion?

LOFT. (*lightly*). Yes, you may congratulate me at last. At eleven o'clock, the fair Eileen will become Mrs. Henry Loftus!

MAC. (*angrily*). While you triumph, I am forced to seek safety in flight! to me, ruin and expulsion, while to you fall the fruits of your schemes. Beware, Henry Loftus, to shake hands with yourself too soon! for amongst the bridal flowers will be drops of the blood I have shed!

LOFT. Yes—you shed the blood—but not on my head can a drop fall. It was not my proposition, and in what you have done, you have exceeded my orders.

MAC. Did you not sign the fictitious warrant! Did you not give me the vial of fluid, which stupefied the victim! you have dabbled your hand in the crime as surely as if you had been by all the while.

LOFT. No! I never consented to his death. I was against it from the first!

MAC. (*sneers*). At the first you mean! But there! no good can come to either of us by recrimination. I had best go hence (*smiles*) before the local papers (*shows a newspaper*) copy this proclamation from last night's *Gazette*—it's an odd document!

LOFT. What proclamation?

MAC. This one. (*reads*) "By virtue of the authority lodged in my hands by our most gracious Lady and Sovereign the Queen Victoria, I do hereby proclaim a free and absolute pardon for a false charge of writing a threatening letter in the month of May, 1856, to Patrick O'Donnell, of Ballyshea in the County of Limerick, Ireland; and grant him full leave and license to dwell, without let or hindrance of any man, in any part of this kingdom or elsewhere in the Empire. Signed, Charles Lisle, Lord Lieutenant." (*folds up paper.*)

LOFT. What can that avail now! when he had returned from bondage but to meet death at his own door. For you make no doubt of his fate?

MAC. I made none! unless a dead man can swim he has been swept out to sea or sunk in the river mud long ago.

LOFT. That is well. Now about your situation which you leave?

MAC. That is all right. I spent the last few days in going over the accounts, and setting up my books. My successor will find no obstacles to his entering at once into my office.

LOFT. Then I must leave you. There is nothing else for me to do but to bid you good day, with a hope that you will spend the rest of your life comfortably in a foreign land!

MAC. I shall take good care o' that! By the way, as you go out, order one of the men to bring my cab up to the door, and put into it the black bag I left in the hall. That contains papers that you and I will be both glad to have hundreds of miles away!

LOFT. I will do so. Good journey to you.

[Exit, L.]

MAC. (*alone*). And a pleasant wedding to you, you cold-blooded plotter against your neighbor's love and life! Well, let him to the bridal! I must not linger here when every moment is precious.

Enter, L., TIM.

TIM. Stop a bit! Don't be in a hurry! I arrest you!

MAC. Arrest? You're not a policeman! (*TIM crosses to R. C., MACLEAN C.*)

Enter POLICE OFFICER and two POLICEMEN, L.

TIM. No! but *he is*! I'm a gentleman volunteer!

MAC. Arrested for what act of mine?

POLICE OFFICER. This won't do. We have your accomplice and he has confessed all.

TIM. The coach is waiting at the door to take us all to the county jail in tip-top style!

MAC. (*let's handcuffs be put on him*). In another moment I would have escaped. Ah! I felt so safe.

TIM. Ah! ye sh'u'd niver be sure! There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. (*they exeunt L., POLICE OFFICER, POLICEMAN, MACLEAN, second POLICEMAN, and TIM.*)

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I., Act I. Bright moonlight.**

Discover BRIDGT seated up R. C. on bank, with JOHN THOMAS, to her right, offering her parcel or box.

JOHN. This is a merry morning.

BRIDG. Well, it may be to the likes of you and your master, but it's a pitiful one here!

JOHN. Don't say that! It must be a bright day when we two are married.

BRIDG. Yes, indeed, and a long way off!

JOHN. Eh? Didn't you give me your promise?

BRIDG. Oh! and maybe I'll keep it when you keep yours. Here's the flowers, and no mistake; but have you got the license?

JOHN. Not yet! the clerk told me he must first get the consent of your priest, but he took the money!

BRIDGE. (*laughs*). Ha, ha! you are a brave man!

JOHN. That I must be to marry an Irishwoman.

BRIDG. Eh! What?

JOHN. Who has an Irish lover! (*music.*) Ah! there's my master and his friends a-coming!

BRIDG. I would advise you to get the man to take back this license at a sacrifice!

[*She crosses and exits L. D. into house.*]

Enter, R. 2. E. LOFTUS, TALBOT, CREAGH and GUESTS. They come down R. side, and group there. JOHN goes up R.

LOFTUS. My friends, I have assembled you to greet my bride. In accordance with an absurd but ancient custom, a preliminary ceremony is

* The effects and situations in this act are the same as those in Act I., but produced by the substitution of Loftus for O'Donnell, etc.

requisite, but I trust you will overlook my humoring the natives. Talbot, (*laughingly*) set about it without delay. (TALBOT and CREAGH go L. and knock at the door of house.)

Enter BRIDGET, L. D., remaining at it.

BRIDG. Well, an' what do ye want?

TALBOT. Does Mr. Moriarty and his daughter Miss Eileen Morlarty live in this house?

BRIDG. Troth, they do? Is it a collector of taxes ye are? (*laughter.*)

TALBOT. Please to tell Mr. Moriarty and his daughter Eileen, that Mr. Henry Loftus is here, with his family, his friends and following, to conduct the lady to church, there to be united to him in the holy bonds of wedlock.

BRIDG. Have you a copy of that spache in yer pocket? [*Exit, L. D.*]

Enter BRYAN, R. 2 E to L. C., up.

TALBOT. The bride is not generally behindhand on these occasions.

BRYAN. No, sir, she generally gets up in the middle of the night to be in time.

LOFTUS. Who bade you speak? Insolent!

BRYAN. Oh, I'm privileged when there's more than one rascal in my company. Sure the party isn't complate widout a dear friend of yours—one whom you will be glad to see.

LOFT. Fellow!

BRYAN. But if he isn't to the fore, maybe you would accept this decent boy as a substitute! (*chord.*)

Enter PATRICK O'DONNELL, R 2 E. to C. General surprise and agitation.

O'D. (*sarcastically*). I trust that I have not kept any one waiting. Ah! a goodly company! surely you are not assembled to welcome me back from my foreign stay. By the favors I should judge it to be a bridal. May I inquire who is the favored individual?

LOFT. (*R. C. front*). I have the pleasure to answer that I am the honored man.

O'D. Ah! no doubt, the chosen object of the lady's affection. I think that in consideration of our former friendship, you might have asked me to your wedding.

LOFTUS. I did not know your address, and, I confess, that, under the circumstances, I should hardly have invited you if I had known it.

O'D. You thought I was too low down. (*points downward.*)

LOFT. (*starts*). This is scarcely the time for a joke.

O'D. It was none to me, or no doubt, you hoped—I beg your pardon, feared that I should have some difficulty in coming up!

LOFT. I do not know to what you allude, but I should hardly have expected that you would come.

O'D. Oh, I can appreciate your delicacy in dealing with people. Well, I will acknowledge that you have won the bride—and I have nothing else to do but wish you joy.

LOFT. (*emphatically*). I accept the wish as sincerely as it is uttered.

O'D. In proof of my good feeling, I ask leave to present to the bride this jewelled cross, which I have carried with me many thousand miles.

LOFT. I can only permit it by the hand of her husband.

BRYAN. Here they are, sir! coming out of the house.

Music, wedding march. Enter, L. D., EILEEN, MORIARTY, BRIDESMAIDS, BRIDGET.

O'D. (to EILEEN). A wedding present, lady——

EILEEN. Patrick! (MORIARTY supports her) I cannot accept it—from you! at such a moment it would be a hideous mockery.

LOFT. Let me lead you to the church——(they all go up R. C. *Music, roll of small drum.*)

Enter, L. U. E., POLICE OFFICER, POLICE, who remain in a line at back, MAHONEY and NORAH. NORAH comes down L., and speaks with EILEEN. Tableau.

MORI. Men of the law! what does this mean?

OFFICER. I arrest you, Mr. Henry Loftus, of Loftus Hall. (comes a little down R.)

LOFT. What for?

TALBOT. This is some mistake!

OFFICER. This is not a time for that!

LOFT. I am Henry Loftus, of Loftus Hall. Whatever your charge I am prepared to meet it, but this is not the place. You shall not carry out the dictates of private malice here: I refuse to go with you, and my friends will stand by me.

BRYAN. Is it a rescue! Oh, two can play at that game.

OFFICER. Make ready! (POLICE prepare their carbines.)

O'D. (sarcastically). Stay! you should make some allowance for a man's passions when thus annoyed on his wedding day. Give the gentleman the name and nature of the offence of which he is charged.

OFFICER. I arrest him by virtue of a warrant, supported on affidavits in due order, charging him with wilful perjury by which one Patrick O'Donnell was mistakenly transported, and with an attempt at murder.

ALL. Murder! (LOFTUS' friends shrink from him)

OFFICER. It's no use denying it. One of your accomplices has turned Queen's evidence.

LOFT. (aside). Ah! that Maclean! (aloud) You have now the day! (aside) I tried to steal his love away from him, and the chains that were struck off from him fall upon me. It is just! that I must admit. (gives himself to the POLICE. As they and he exeunt, L. U. E., he lifts his hands, saying) Oh, Nemesis! [Exit, with POLICE, L. U. E.]

BRYAN. What's that? another name for the devil? (GUESTS, R., retire, R., gradually.)

MAHO. (comes to C.). No! it is only the name of a pagan divinity of old who was believed to punish the wicked man at the moment of his triumph.

O'D. (embraces EILEEN). My dear love! Eileen Oge!*

EILEEN. Eileen, young or old, ever yours—heart and soul!†

NORAH. Well, Patrick dear, we are all anxious to know how you were saved since I saw you thrown down the trap.

O'D. The drug which had been administered to me had not exerted its full effect, and the shock of the cold water restored me to full consciousness. I struck out in the stream, and succeeded in reaching the bank. You can hear the rest at another time.

BRYAN. Yis, whin the honeymoon is over! (ALL laugh.)

* Eileen Oge means Eileen the Young.

† When pressed for time, the curtain can fall here.

JOHN (*to BRIDGET*). Then there isn't to be any wedding but ours after all. (R. C.)

BRIDG. Ours! Sure I can't go—I gave them flowers of yours to the pigs!

JOHN. Oh, and the license! I'll lose the three pounds ten I paid on the license.

BRIDG. Unless ye like to have the name altered so it will do for him. (*beckons BRYAN to her.*)

JOHN (*retires from BRYAN, who threatens him, to R. 1 E. BRYAN kicks him. He jumps and cries "Oh! Nimmysis!" and exits, R. 1 E.*)

MAHO. As you all seem to be agreed, I see no reason why we should not carry out the ceremony commenced five years ago! Mr. Moriarty, you have no objections?

MORI. None—save that my daughter can bring her husband no other dower than herself and her old father's debts——

O'D. Pooh, pooh! as for herself, never can she be more to me than now! and as to the debts, why, they shall be less from this moment.

MORI. What do you mean, Patrick?

O'D. Sometimes, what we think is a misfortune is a blessing in disguise. When I was cast upon a desolate island, I thought there could be no worse fate than mine. But coming by chance to a cave by the shore, I found it one of those hoards where Nature, in her freakish mood, stores up her most precious treasures.

BRYAN. Did ye find a goold mine?

O'D. Better than that! the precious metal was in solid blocks. I had to share it with my shipwrecked comrades, but enough fell to my share to insure us all from want for all our lives.

BRYAN. Hurroo! there's a lucky boy to have everything a man wants.

EILEEN. Then, all the clouds have passed away, and I feel that never could there be a day more bright.

O'D. It is always so. In the gloom we blindly hasten to despair, forgetting that when it is the darkest hour, then soonest cometh the dawn.

Picture.

BRYAN. BRIDGET. O'DONNELL. EILEEN. MORIARTY.

Music—lively.

CURTAIN.

SYNOPSIS.

The scene of the First Act shows an abbey, by sunrise. A sprightly Irish man, BRIDGET, and a cockney valet have a peppery confab, interrupted by the entrance of BRYAN O'FARRELL, a tight broth of a boy, and his actions and words both reveal that he and BRIDGET are lovers. Their brisk chat is cut short by the entrance of PATRICK O'DONNELL, the lover of EILEEN MORIARTY. He is very sorrowful in appearance and language, and sighs deeply as he hands BRIDGET a package for her young mistress. As he is about to withdraw EILEEN appears at the window, and O'DONNELL kisses her hand. Mr. MORIARTY enters, and learns that O'DONNELL has but just left. Then Father MAHONEY and O'DONNELL come on, while the two servants withdraw from sight, but are listening. The Father and O'DONNELL make known that their reason for calling is that, though this is O'DONNELL's wedding day, yet that he thought it but right to inform his intended father-in-law that he had failed to get a renewal of the lease of his farm, of which he had been quite certain. MORIARTY goes into his house saying that he will leave the answer to his daughter. O'DONNELL freely accepts BRYAN's offer of a home in his cabin for his mother, sister, and himself. EILEEN and her father enter. She says that she is willing to have him, poor or rich, and Mr. MORIARTY tells the priest to let the wedding proceed. The second scene, an office, shows Mr. MACLEAN and HENRY LOFTUS. The latter reproaches the former that he has not interfered to prevent EILEEN wedding O'DONNELL, and MACLEAN tells him that he will yet prevent it, and will punish O'DONNELL for his audacity, and shows him a letter, apparently in O'DONNELL's writing, wherein the life of his landlord is threatened if he dares to evict O'DONNELL from the farm. This letter is really the production of TIM the penman, who hops and looks like a gigantic magpie. In the third scene an amusing dialogue about O'DONNELL's affairs comes off between BRIDGET and BRYAN, and as they retire into the house the O'DONNELL wedding party enters, and as they pass along LOFTUS appears, and says to O'DONNELL that although he himself would have liked to have taken EILEEN for his wife, yet he bears him no malice for his success, and gets permission to present an antique brooch to the bride elect. Just as the bridal party are about leaving for the church, the police enter and arrest O'DONNELL for sending a threatening letter. This is a fine dramatic situation, ending with the forcible parting of the young lovers.

The Second Act begins with an interview between Mr. MORIARTY and Father MAHONEY ; from this it appears that it is five years since O'DONNELL was transported, and was never to return to Ireland. MORIARTY was financially ruined, and was in arrears for rent to HENRY LOFTUS, now become the landlord. He still wanted to marry EILEEN. But the fair maid, though sad-hearted, is fonder than ever of the man of her choice. MORIARTY, Father MAHONEY, and EILEEN meet, when the former tells that a distraint for rent has been issued against him. This scene closes with a beautiful visionary tableau showing O'DONNELL on a tropical isle. In the second scene, MACLEAN's office, LOFTUS and his agent have an interview ; TIM joins them, and they begin to realize that a sharp tool may have *two* edges. They give him, however, the warrant to distrain on MORIARTY's crops. LOFTUS and TIM leave, and NORAH, the sister of O'DONNELL, enters, hoping to get work at haymaking. MACLEAN, struck by her beauty, tries to kiss her, but is prevented by the appearance of MAHONEY, who rudely thrusts MACLEAN away. Then, as NORAH runs off, and MACLEAN attempts to follow, the priest knocks MACLEAN down with his cane. The third scene shows a large sun-lighted hay-field, full of men and women, boys and girls, making hay. Then ensue all the rural sports, singing and dancing, which are brought to a rude stop by the entrance of TIM and the police to seize the hay. The women go off, and then a fight follows, in which the peasants win the day.

A room in MORIARTY's house is the first scene of the Third Act. MORIARTY and EILEEN are sadly conversing of their shattered fortunes. LOFTUS visits them, and explains that MACLEAN had gone beyond his orders, and that he has settled everything, and will pay the police a few guineas to settle their grievances for the attack made upon them. Mr. MORIARTY leaves, and LOFTUS so well simulates the generous, sympathizing friend, that EILEEN, melted by his eloquence, gives him hopes that she will wed him. The next scene is on a roadside, and there JOHN THOMAS and BRIDGET meet and have a keen encounter of cockney and Hibernian wit, which leads to JOHN dropping on his knees and pouring out a declaration of his love; as his eyes droop beneath the girl's glance, BRYAN quietly enters and takes her place, and much fun ensues. JOHN and BRYAN go off, and O'DONNELL, disguised, enters. His soliloquy is interrupted by seeing two men approach, and he retires, just before LOFTUS and MACLEAN come on, conversing. A letter had fallen into MACLEAN's hands, by which he judged that O'DONNELL was in the neighborhood, and was to meet his sister, NORAH, at the haunted mill. They plan to arrest him at all hazards. When they leave the stage O'DONNELL comes on and has a friendly meeting with BRYAN. Then the scene changes to the interior of a ruinous water mill. O'DONNELL is assaulted by MACLEAN and his associate, and is overpowered. NORAH enters, MACLEAN seizes her, they struggle, and BRYAN enters and drops MACLEAN by a pistol shot.

Act the Fourth brings back the opening scene. Some funny passages occur between BRIDGET and JOHN THOMAS, interrupted by the appearance of BRYAN. MAHONEY enters, and sends BRYAN over to the office for a letter. EILEEN comes on, and begs the priest's blessing and counsel. He advises her to seek counsel in prayer, and she retires. Scene third is MACLEAN's office, in which LOFTUS and MACLEAN are comparing notes. MACLEAN has just come from the hospital, where he has been since he received BRYAN's shot. He learns that LOFTUS is just dressed for his bridal with EILEEN, and that nothing has been heard of O'DONNELL, who was doubtless drowned in the old mill. TIM enters with policemen, and MACLEAN is handcuffed and taken off. The next scene is the same as the first of the play. Nearly all the characters assemble, and a messenger enters to say that Mr. LOFTUS and his friends are waiting for Miss EILEEN. The party are on the way to the church, when O'DONNELL steps up to EILEEN and offers her a diamond cross. EILEEN is thunderstruck at his appearance and so are the rest, when the police enter and arrest HENRY LOFTUS on a charge of wilful perjury. The accusation had been sworn to by his old fellow-villain, MACLEAN. Then O'DONNELL explains his long absence. He had been ship-wrecked, but that turned out a benefit, for he and his messmates discovered gold enough to enrich them. The government had remitted his sentence of banishment, and here he was in the best of health. The piece closes with a general acknowledgment of the truth of the old adage "that dark's the hour before the dawn."

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS (Continued).

No.	M. F.	No.	M. F.
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 5 acts.12	3	61. Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts....	7 2
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act..	3 2	138. Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1	
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.....	11 5	act.....	10 3
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.....	7 2	110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1	3 6
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.....	14 5	50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.....	8 2
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act....	3 2	59. Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.....	5 3
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2 4	95. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce, 1 act..	3 10
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.....	4 3	181 and 182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.38	8
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.....	6 6	157. Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act....	5 2
109. Locked In, comedietta, 1 act.....	2 2	196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic op	
85. Locked In with a Lady, sketch, 1 act.	1 1	eretta, 1 act.....	1 1
87. Locked Out, comic scene.....	1 2	132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.....	10
143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act..	4 2	183. Richelieu, play, 5 acts.....	16 2
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act....	1 1	38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.....	10 2
163. Marecotti, drama, 3 acts.....	10 3	77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts....	8 4
154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.	8 6	13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4
63. Marriage at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	5 3	194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.....	7 4
39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act.	4 2	195. Rosemi Shell, travesty, 1 act, 4	
7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.....	5 3	scenes.....	6 3
49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.....	8 2	158. School, comedy, 4 acts.....	6 6
15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.....	4 2	79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1	7 5
46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.....	5 2	37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.....	2 1
184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.....	17 3	43. Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act..	7 2
108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.....	3 3	6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act..	2 1
188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.....	3 3	10. Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act..	1 1
169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.....	4 1	26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.....	16 5
130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.....	3 1	78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act..	7 3
92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.....	2 2	31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.....	3
193. My Walking Photograph, musical		150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act..	1 2
duality, 1 act.....	1 1	120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2 1
140. Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc.,		146. There's no Smoke Without Fire,	
farce, 1 act.....	3 4	comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2
115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8 5	83. Thrice Married, personation piece,	
2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.....	8 3	1 act.....	6 1
57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.....	4 4	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts..	7 3
104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.....	7 5	27. Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and	
112. Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.....	3 3	prologue.....	7 5
185. Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.14	3	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4 2
84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.....	10 6	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die,	
117. Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama,		farce, 1 act.....	2 1
3 acts.....	5 4	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1	3 2
171. Nothing Like Paste, farce, 1 act....	3 1	29. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act....	5 3
14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and		168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts..	4 2
prologue.....	13 6	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.....	6 3
173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act....	3 3	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act....	3
176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act....	1 2	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.....	4 4
90. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.....	2 2	198. Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta,	
170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.....	4 2	1 act.....	3 1
33. One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2 3	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act....	2 1
3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.....	8 4	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6 2
97. Orange Blo-soms, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
66. Orange Girl, drama, in prologue		124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.....	6 6
and 3 acts.....	18 4	91. Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.....	7 2
172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.....	6 3	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3
94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.....	7 5	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts....	5 4
45. Our Domestics, comedy farce, 2 acts	6 6	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act	2 10
155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts..	24 5	98. Who is Who? farce, 1 act.....	3 2
178. Out at Sea, drama in prologue and		12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.....	4 4
4 acts.....	16 5	5. William Tell with a Vengeance,	
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts....	11 5	burlesque.....	8 2
156. Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act....	1 1	136. Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and	
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4	prologue.....	6
127. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.....	3 10	161. Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths,	
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza,		4 acts.....	10 4
in one act.....	15 24	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2	4 4
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	54. Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1	3 3

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The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Scenes. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters.—M. male; F. female.

*** Female characters are generally assumed by males in these plays.*

No.		M.	F.	No.		M.	F.
73.	African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes....	5		44.	Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene....	3	
6.	Black Chap from Whitechapel, 1 s.	4		96.	Midnight Intruder (The), 1 scene..	6	1
10.	Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene....	3		101.	Molly Moriarty, Irish, 1 scene.....	1	1
11.	Black Ey'd William, 2 scenes....	4	1	49.	Night in a Strange Hotel, 1 scene....	2	
24.	Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene.	2		22.	Obedient Orders, sketch, 1 scene....	2	1
40.	Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		27.	100th Night of Hamlet, 1 scene....	7	1
42.	Bad Whiskey, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1	30.	One Night in a Bar Room, 1 scene	7	
43.	Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes....	7	1	76.	One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene....	7	
78.	Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes....	5	2	9.	Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene....	7	
79.	Barney's Courtship, Irish, 1 scene.	1	1	57.	Pompey's Patients, 2 scenes.....	6	
89.	Bogus Talking Machine, Dutch	4		65.	Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene..	6	1
35.	Coal Heavers' Revenge, 1 scene..	6		65.	Port Wine vs. Jealousy, 1 scene..	2	1
41.	Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	87.	Pete the Peddler, sketch, 1 scene..	2	1
12.	Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene....	3		91.	Painter's Apprentice (The), 1 scene	5	
50.	Draft (The), sketch, 1 act, 2 scenes.	6		92.	Polar Bear (The,) farce, 1 scene....	5	
53.	Damon and Pythias, 2 scenes.....	5	1	14.	Recruiting Office, sketch, 2 scenes.	5	
63.	Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 act..	3	1	26.	Rival Tenants, sketch, 1 scene....	4	
64.	Dutchman's Ghost, sketch, 1 scene.	4	1	45.	Remittance from Home, 1 scene....	6	
95.	Dutch Justice, sketch, 1 scene.....	11		55.	Rigging a Purchase, 1 scene.....	2	
4.	Eh? What is it? sketch, 1 scene....	4	1	81.	Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
52.	Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	10	1	7.	Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene....	2	
67.	Editor's Troubles, farce, in 1 scene.	6		13.	Streets of New York, sketch, 1 scene	6	
98.	Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4	1		15.	Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 scene....	2	1
25.	Fellow That Looks Like Me, 1 s....	2	1	80.	Scenes on the Mississippi, 2 scenes.	6	
51.	Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene.	2		84.	Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes....	7	
88.	First Night, Dutch sketch, 4 scenes	4	2	21.	Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes....	6	3
17.	Ghost (The), sketch, 1 scene.....	2		16.	Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene.	5	
31.	Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes....	3		38.	Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes... 5		
20.	Going for the Cup, interlude, 1 scene	4		46.	Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene....	6	1
58.	Ghost in a Pawnshop, 1 scene.....	4		56.	Stage Struck Couple (The), 1 scene.	2	1
70.	Guide to the Stage, sketch, 1 scene.	3		59.	Sausage Makers (The), sketch, 2 s..	5	1
77.	Getting Square on Call Boy, 1 scene	3		69.	Squire for a Day, sketch, 1 scene....	5	1
82.	Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene	3		73.	Stranger (The), sketch, 1 scene....	1	1
83.	German Emigrant, sketch, 1 scene.	3	1	74.	Sleep Walker (The), sketch, 2 scenes	3	
86.	Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3		100.	Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 2 scenes	6	
3.	Hemmed In, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	102.	Three, A. M., sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1
23.	Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene.	5	1	5.	Two Black Roses (The), sketch....	4	1
48.	High Jack, the Heeler, 1 scene..	6		2.	Tricks, sketch, 2 scenes.....	5	2
61.	Happy Couple, sketch, 1 scene....	2	1	34.	Three Strings to One Bow, 1 scene.	4	1
68.	Hippothetron, sketch, 1 scene.....	9		47.	Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 s.	2	
71.	In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2		54.	Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
33.	Jealous Husband, sketch, 1 scene	2	1	28.	Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 s....	3	1
94.	Julius the Snoozer, 3 scenes.....	7		62.	Vinegar Bitters, sketch, one scene.	6	1
1.	Last of the Mohicans, 1 scene....	3	1	29.	Who Died First, sketch, 1 scene... 3		1
18.	Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes.....	4	1	32.	Wake up, William Henry, 1 scene.. 3		
36.	Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene....	6	1	39.	Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene.. 5		
37.	Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes.....	3	2	75.	Weston the Walkist, Dutch 1 scene		
60.	Lost Will, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		93.	What Shall I Take? sketch, 2 scenes		
90.	Lunatic (The), sketch, 1 scene....	3		97.	Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene....		
8.	Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes....	4		99.	Wrong Woman in the Right Place		
19.	Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene.	3		85.	Young Scamp (The), sketch, 1 scene		

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